THE AIR CHILDREN BREATHE DOROTHY NOYES KANE

THE NATION

AUGUST 28, 1976 50 cents

'CHICAGO BOYS' IN CHILE

Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

ECONOMIC 'FREEDOM'S' AWFUL TOLL

Orlando Letelier

New Life for the Death Penalty

Hugo Adam Bedau

REVIEWS OF RECENT FICTION

AUG 26 1976
8-77
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E.Tennessee St. Univ
Johnson City, Tn. 37601
ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

the necessary Clurman

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

I wanted to have a respite for awhile from all the serious matters *The Nation* concerns itself with. I signed, sealed my envelope saying I would not renew. No Harold Clurman, either.

In the evening I suddenly changed my mind, and told my husband, "I cannot get along without Harold Clurman." He understood. I cannot get along without Harold Clurman looking steadfastly at all the horrors and the glories, valuing the imaginations and the creations, and maintaining honesty and humanity. Also writing with style.

Mary Woodrich

on Ludd, Illich and medicine

Oakland, Calif.

Commenting in a letter to *The Nation* [July 17-24] on my review of Ivan Illich's *Medical Nemesis*, George Silver declares himself troubled "not so much by what was said, as by what wasn't." What seems to be missing is a properly respectful obeisance in the direction of medical achievement. But I doubt that the profession stands in need of my endorsement. In time of sickness or injury people will always look for help. Many will opt for treatment which they know to be unreliable or potentially hazardous rather than suffer in silence. Thousands of our forebears allowed themselves to be systematically bled to death in the name of therapy, some (Byron, for instance) knowing full well that phlebotomy was potentially lethal, even that they were dying of it. In fact, the Illichians have about as much chance of obtaining the demedicalization of society as did the adherents of Ned Ludd of blocking the progress of the power loom. This does not mean that they are wrong, or that Illich's arguments may not have an important influence on the conscience of the individual physician, to suggest only one potential gain. Illich, if I read him correctly, believes that any bureaucracy is oppressive, and that complex and expensive medical technology, which in any case can have little or no effect in improving the overall health of populations, is largely an excuse for expanding the bureaucratization. Such technology is by its very nature inequitable, which is just as well, since it is generally harmful. A concomitant is the profession's unverifiable claim to be the sole repository of therapeutic wisdom.

Frankly, I find the suggestion that I suffer from "conscious or subconscious elitism and/or racism" gratuitously offensive, while the introduction of the epithet "neo-Luddite" is scarcely a contribution to the debate. We may, however, care to recall that the Luddites were not simply crazed machine smashers but a movement demanding the right to organize and strike in the face of the anti-Jacobin reaction which treated the English workingman as so much fodder, industrial and military, for the Napoleonic wars. Again, references to "Illich's feisty religious polemics," his "dogma" and "anchorite mode" seem at best an attempt to reduce an extremely important discussion to the level of personalities. The suggestion that the critique of medicalization is somehow grounded in Puritanism is a singularly smelly red herring. There is much to be said here that lies beyond the scope of a letter to the editor. I feel sure that Professor Silver will, on reflection, see no harm in letting consideration of Illich's thesis sink into name-calling and the deployment of cant phrases like "being in neglect."

Peter Dreyer

New Haven, Conn.

I regret that Mr. Dreyer has taken offense at my letter. His umbrage is misplaced since I had no quarrel with him and actually admired the excellent job of explication he

(Continued on page 148)

EDITORIALS

The Right Wing's Triumph

The Republicans have decided to sink with Ford rather than to swim for awhile with Reagan and then sink. That, of course, is a comment on politics, not policy, on which Ford and Reagan are almost indistinguishable. Ford might take longer to go to war over the Panama Canal but on the other national issues they are twins of the far Right.

The platform is the most reactionary set of "principles" that this "conservative" party has adopted in a long while. Where it was possible to use language that was mean, stingy and antisocial, the Republicans did it. The GOP platform amounts to a charter for what the Victorians called "the comfortable classes."

The failure of Ford to resist the Reaganite revision of the already bellicose language of the foreign policy plank was revealing. Tactical considerations were back of this failure (he wanted to avoid irritating Reagan's war hawks) and so the ridiculous "Solzhenitsyn" clause was tacked on to appease the flag wavers. What did it matter if this additional flourish on the 21,000-word document was a slap at Kissinger and Ford himself? The name of the game, as they said out there, was delegates, and the President needed every single one.

On domestic questions there is not much that would bother the John Birch Society. The spirit is entirely "them that has gets"—and keeps. Inflation is defined as the real villain. The platform propounds the theory that inflation costs jobs, and unlimited profits create them. Government should keep its long arms at its side and leave every problem to be solved by individuals (which, in this canon, naturally includes corporate "persons"). When it comes to social questions, however, as against ones in the area of "enterprise," the government must play a strong hand.

For instance, on busing. On that one, after a piety on segregated schools ("morally wrong and unconstitutional"), the platform favors "consideration of an amendment to the Constitution forbidding the assignment of children to schools on the basis of race." It flirts with the notion of ending federal aid to education by recommending a "study." Of course it is against gun control, but is foursquare for "a safe and just society." The evasions and hypocrisies dance upon every page.

One more foreign policy note from this incredible platform. It would toss out the idea of a "sufficiency" of arms and go back to the old notion of "superiority"—but it expects the Russians to accept secondary status and make a nice arms agreement with us as Number One. That's that; it's plain hard-headed realism, of course.

Is this a platform a Presidential candidate can run on, and win on, in 1976? Obviously, it is not, however cynical one may be about these quadrennial statements. But such was never its purpose; it was pasted together in order to nominate Gerald Ford. And it served that end by advertising to the Republican delegates that there is really no difference between Ford and Reagan and that the Right is in charge. As for the Ford-appointed running mate, all that is worth remarking about Senator Dole is that he is, as they say, "compatible."

One wonders where the "moderate" Republicans can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

go after Kansas City. By most estimates, they number about a quarter of the Republican Party. They must rally to Ford if he is to have a chance in the big industrial states, or he will get nowhere. But how can they?

"Leaders" of this helpless faction of the party, men like Senators Mathias, Percy, Javits and Weicker (remember Schweiker?) and Governors like Ray, Evans and Milliken now have nowhere to hide. It is they who should be thinking of a third party, if any Republican should. Yet, amazingly, it is the ultra-Right people like Rusher of the *National Review*, who will be meeting right after Kansas City to plot a further rightward thrust. Reactionaries are never satisfied. They got a whole loaf at Kansas City but they want another half.

The wreckage of the "moderate" Republicans was etched on the face of Nelson Rockefeller. He once was looked on as their leader, for whatever reason. Now Rockefeller has sold out, in bits and pieces, and is reduced to snatching signs and playing games on the convention floor. As he and Barry Goldwater sat cozily together and talked with Walter Cronkite, the two old enemies of 1964 symbolized the shift of the Republican Party—'way over to the Right, backing Gerald Ford.

Down in Georgia, Governor Carter remarked that his name had been mentioned more often in Kansas City than it was in New York, where he was nominated last month. And indeed it was, as the Republicans geared up for the campaign to come. They never quite got their hands on him, but they are practicing their holds, preparing to grapple with that elusive figure. They have their work cut out for them. At least Carter will run on a platform that gleams in comparison with the Republicans'. Alongside the one Ford will run on, it is a veritable Magna Carta, full of sense, dedication and even compassion.

The contrast with Ford and the Republican platform makes Carter and the Democrats look appealing. The election of 1976 will hardly be a contest.

Revolting Experiment in Chile

The connection of man's activity as a producer with the way a society is organized has been a topic of study and debate for millennia. Even before Karl Marx placed economic activity at the center of the political and social spectrum it was felt that the way people worked did much to determine the way they were governed. Given the age of this idea and the vast scholarship that has been devoted to it, it is astonishing to find an American economist with a lofty, if ultraconservative, reputation (even J.K. Galbraith treats him respectfully) who seems to have completely misunderstood the nature of the interaction between economic policy and political reality.

We are referring to Prof. Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago and his disciples there and in Chile. It is Friedman's doctrines and his followers' application of them that have made a brutal shambles of the economic life of that (literally) tortured country. In this issue we publish an article by Orlando Letelier, himself an economist of the first rank and Foreign Minister and Ambassador to Washington for the Allende government, which analyzes the effects on Chile of the policies of Friedman & Co. It is a devastating and shameful tale.

IN THIS ISSUE

August 28, 1976

EDITORIALS

130

134 Robert W. Kenny — *Carey McWilliams*

ARTICLES

136 Happy Birthday, America: The Ocean Is Dead — *John C. Fine*

137 The "Chicago Boys" in Chile: Economic "Freedom's" Awful Toll — *Orlando Letelier*

143 The Air Children Breathe — *Dorothy Noyes Kane*

144 New Life for the Death Penalty — *Hugo Adam Bedau*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

149 Gordimer: Selected Stories Jhabvala: Heat & Dust — *Eugene Chesnick*

151 Elkin: The Franchiser — *Anthony Heilbut*

152 Robbins: Even Cowgirls Get the Blues — *Ann Cameron*

153 Bowles: Feminine Wiles — *Millicent G. Dillon*

154 Indigenous Music — *Nat Hentoff*

155 Philadelphia Bicentennial — *Eugenia Kaledin*

155 The Bream (poem) — *Idris McElveen*

157 Television — *Peter Sourian*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
ELIZABETH POCHODA

Contributing Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY.

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

Former Editors: EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN; OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD; FREDA KIRCHWEY; CAREY McWILLIAMS.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1976 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $17.50; two years, $30. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 223 No. 5

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee

AUG 26 1976

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To summarize Letelier's case, it is that the Friedmanites have treated Chile as if it were a test tube for an experiment in untrammeled free enterprise, and the result has been vast and accelerating misery for the Chilean people, concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a heedless and greedy oligarchy and their military protectors, and failure, by any standard of economic measurement. And, of course, the people in that "scientific" retort have been killed by the thousands and imprisoned by the tens of thousands to maintain the discipline needed for this kind of drastic social experiment.

Friedman himself has described the treatment being administered to Chile as a "shock treatment . . . the only medicine . . . there is no other." Undoubtedly the learned professor from Chicago would claim that he was talking only about the economic aspect of his Chilean prescription—the dose of salts of deflation, monetary stringency (his specialty) and reduced government expenditure for what he might scornfully dismiss as "welfare." The political side effects, he would claim, though deplorable, are none of his affair. It would be up to the Chilean military dictatorship to strap the people of that country to the table to suffer the "shock treatment" he prescribes.

And that is precisely the point of Letelier's analysis: that hobnailed repression of the people must inevitably accompany economic measures whose social consequences are to squeeze the working class in order to enrich and entrench the few who rule. As Letelier makes clear, all the conditions necessary for a successful experiment in pure 19th-century *laissez-faire* economics are missing in Chile. Industry is organized in tight monopolies. Labor under that dictatorship is naturally not free to bargain (wages are set by the junta and the Central Workers' Federation has been outlawed). Name any of the circumstances that the classical economists would have understood as necessary preconditions for a free-enterprise economy; they are absent from modern Chile.

Could Friedman & Co. have been ignorant of these elementary facts when they embarked on their experiment? Was their zeal to prove the validity of their purist doctrines so compelling, and their interest in consultants' fees so intense, that they could plunge ahead without the slightest regard for the realities before their eyes? It is incredible that they should have been so blind.

Why then did they do it? Considering them as economists, the answer must be that they yielded to the temptation to apply their theories in the only kind of place which would permit it—where an iron dictatorship, using murder and torture, could protect them from the consequences of the suffering their policies imposed on the people. The cruel frivolity of that needs no comment. Looking on them as political thinkers, and listening to their platitudinous support for political freedom, a more sinister explanation comes to mind. Behind their reasonable academic masks, these men are zealots in a cause. That cause is to hallow monopoly capitalism whatever the cost in social misery and political repression (now at least in the Third World—perhaps later at home).

Whether or not these dark speculations are justified, the dreadful record of the Friedmanites and their dictator clients in Chile is here for us to examine, in the article by Orlando Letelier. The cold statistics are bad enough, but human suffering stares through these figures (one-quarter of Chile's people without any income at all, tens of thousands of families receiving an official "minimum income" which can buy only 1,000 calories a day—near-starvation level).

It is a heart-rending story, and for Americans aware of the United States' involvement, public and private, a revolting one.

Swine Flu, Politics and Profits

A heavy miasma of politics has hung over the Great Swine Flu Epidemic ever since it became a possibility in the coming fall season. Hardly had the one unfortunate soldier at Fort Dix, who died last year apparently of this new strain of the disease, been buried before President Ford was announcing a program of universal vaccination. Every man, woman and child was to have a shot if they wanted it, in the largest public health effort in the history of medicine. The plan was announced with a fanfare resembling that of a political campaign before the men in white in their laboratories were even sure that this new virus was a killer like the one that hit the world in 1918, and before the epidemiologists had figured out what should be done to guard against it.

In voicing this skepticism about the swine flu panic, we join some very reputable figures in the medical profession—and are taking the risk that we and they are wrong and therefore careless of human life. The President may, of course, turn out to be right, despite his clearly political purposes in the matter, and the scientists, who point to the lack of any convincing evidence of the virus's appearance anywhere else in the world, may be wrong. Only time will tell which view is correct, but the conventional wisdom is to err on the side of caution. Meanwhile, millions of eggs are being fertilized in order to play host to the antibodies which are to save tens of thousands of lives after we have all had our shots.

Enter private enterprise in the shape of the pharmaceutical industry (or should we say "profession"?). These guardians of our health, oligopolists all, have been exercising their own form of prudence. They have refused to make the 200 million doses of vaccine unless the federal government will hold them harmless—that is, insure them against liability from some likely bad effects of all those vaccinations. The drug manufacturers made their case about this aspect of the risks involved in the huge program. Those other servants of the public welfare, the insurance industry, had refused to insure the drug makers against damage suits that might be brought against them by those who suffered more than a short-lived bruise from these shots in the arm.

Enter Uncle Sam. The President lobbied and threatened Congress until at last it passed a bill that makes the federal government the insurer against liability. It was a unanimous vote in the Senate, despite many grave reservations that had been uttered in committee and on the floor. As Senator Kennedy put it, "I hate this bill, but suppose there is a swine flu epidemic. They'll blame me." No one can say how much this will cost our prudent government, but estimates range from $50 million to $25 billion. It is almost an invitation to sue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now back to our friendly drug manufacturers and their stake in warding off a possible catastrophe. The first thing to recall about these merchants of "health" is that their sector of the economy is about the most profitable that exists. Their business is the model of a growth industry. While the rest of American free private enterprise struggles along on an average annual return on investment of 9 per cent, the pharmaceuticals rack up 15 per cent returns year after year.

When the President pushed the swine flu panic button last fall, the drug companies dragged their feet at the prospect of having to delay manufacture of some of their more profitable lines in order to get into the enormous production program for the vaccine. It would not have been fair to their stockholders to take crews, staff and equipment off their real moneymakers, however useless or even dangerous these products are, to make the vaccine the President had said was essential to the public health. Any idea of arranging among themselves to share the temporary decline in their fortunes would, of course, have been "noncompetitive" and therefore illegal and unthinkable.

If these outfits were to stockpile the swine flu vaccine, and then it were not to be used, they calculated that this would cost the half-dozen biggest moneymakers in the field from $5 million to $10 million each in lost profits, all gone just for the public weal. (These "losses" amount to something less than these companies spend each year on "education of physicians," which is the way their financial statements describe the nearly $2 billion they spend on glossy brochures, ads in throwaway periodicals and on so-called detail men who "sell" the doctors.)

Now all the risks by the pharmaceutical free enterprisers and their friends in the insurance world have been assumed by the federal government. The obstacles have been cleared away and the road is now open. All that the public, supposedly threatened by an epidemic of swine flu, must now depend on is a gigantic supply of fertile hens' eggs and the technical virtuosity of a drug industry which has managed for years to fight off prescriptions by generic name (which would save consumers tens of millions of dollars each year).

The shifting of the risks to Uncle Sam has, naturally, delayed the whole program. The determination of the right dosage for children will not even be made until mid-September. Only half of the 200 million doses will be ready by mid-October, the usual start of the flu season. But the drug makers are protected against any losses.

Is the anticipated epidemic really swine flu or should it be called swinish unconcern by the "free enterprise" pharmaceutical manufacturers of America?

Helpless Kelley of the FBI

The director of the FBI was once popularly perceived as an heroic figure. That fairy tale, fabricated by the bureau's public relations staff, was destroyed forever when poor L. Patrick Gray twisted slowly in the Watergate breezes. Even J. Edgar Hoover's Bulldog Drummond image has been Humpty-Dumptied into a thousand pieces.

Now comes the revelation that the present director, Clarence Kelley, the straight-shooting prairie cop, has no control at all of the FBI's operations.

As recently as June 30, Kelley offered his solemn assurance that since 1966, by order of the omnipotent Hoover, the FBI had ceased all illegal break-ins, buggings and bag jobs. Unfortunately for that tale, the Socialist Workers Party suit against the U.S. Government has now disclosed the systematic continuation of such activities as late as July 1976. Kelley, in retreat, alleges that his conscience, if not his competence, is clear—that the FBI bureaucracy had purposefully failed to inform him of these activities.

Should we laugh or cry at Kelley's admitted impotence within his own organization? He assures us, however, that, though he has not been able to locate the perpetrators of this massive cover-up, he is still on their trail: "If I find those who have knowledgeably, knowingly and intentionally deceived me, I will take some action" (*New York Times*, August 9).

We might be content with this less than stirring declaration, convinced that the director (perhaps with the help of informers) will be able to ferret out this bureaucratic conspiracy, were it not for the whole sordid history of FBI activities against alleged subversives. For to eliminate the bag job would be not just to rid the FBI of aberration but to alter the basic character of that agency.

The larger context of these illegal operations was revealed in the February report of the General Accounting Office. That document demonstrated the almost unbelievable obsession of the FBI with political dissidents. In 1974 there were more than 160,000 active files on individuals suspected of subversive or extremist activities. These investigations alone cost the FBI $82.4 million or roughly 18 per cent of its total budget. Half of these files were established on the recommendation of unnamed informants. In addition, physical surveillance, presumably conforming to legal requirements, was employed in approximately 20 per cent of all FBI cases during the past ten years.

The GAO attempted to assess the value of this enormous operation directed against alleged dissidents. It estimated that only 1.6 per cent of the cases were actually brought to prosecution, and only 1.3 per cent ended with convictions. Most important, none of the convictions derived from violations of the Internal Security Act, which was the ostensible basis for all these investigations. Moreover, the FBI had virtually no success in anticipating incidents of violence or terrorism.

Despite these statistics, the FBI is still fighting ferociously against all attempts to restrict it to its rightful function as a criminal investigatory agency. The bureau insists on its right to spy on any citizen or organization which it may suspect of some future improper action. Recent guidelines announced by Attorney General Levi conspicuously permit the FBI to continue almost all the buggings and break-ins, all the Cointelpro operations, of the past. In fact, in a decision weighted with major symbolic importance, the FBI has just announced that the Socialist Workers Party, which it has hounded and harassed to an incredible degree, will continue to be treated as a foreign agent, and therefore be subject to FBI scrutiny. The bag job is still with us.

Since it is clear that the Attorney General (who goes out of his way to attack ACLU scruples on wiretapping)

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has no willingness to curb the FBI, and the director admits his inability to control his own agency, it now falls to Congress to provide clear legislative prohibitions against any form of political information-gathering by the FBI. The law must include criminal penalties for anyone, from field agent to director, who sanctions any violations.

It is just as clear that Clarence Kelley cannot be left in charge of the FBI. By his own admissions and by all the evidence, he has demonstrated his incompetence and his helplessness to change the bureau's old ways, even if he wanted to. It would be reassuring if Governor Carter would announce that, in addition to the routine replacement of the Attorney General, he means to name a new FBI director, someone able and willing to protect American civil liberties while concentrating on the proper enforcement of federal laws.

ROBERT W. KENNY

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Nationally known and admired, Bob Kenny occupied a special niche in the affections of Californians—Left, Right or Center—for reasons which outsiders never fully accepted or understood. Light-hearted, witty, whimsical—a merry-andrew type—he had an immense relish for the ease and comfort of good living. His mother once said that before he died he would probably be on a first-name basis with the headwaiter of every good restaurant in the state and he came close to achieving that distinction. He liked people, all kinds of people, and he wanted them to like him, as most of those who knew him did. He was regarded with admiration and affection by an incredibly large and astonishingly mixed assortment of Californians: cabdrivers, bartenders, educators, scientists, bankers, industrialists, intellectuals, lobbyists, lawyers, socialites, doctors, jurists, politicians, truckdrivers, farm workers, growers, wine merchants, bail-bond brokers, roustabouts, longshoremen, actors and actresses, screenwriters and directors, ministers, priests and rabbis. His friends were of all shapes and sizes and ages, men and women, blacks, Chicanos, Orientals, rich and poor and middle class. Known to most of them as "Bob," they would smile when they heard his name mentioned or when they glimpsed him heading their way. His wisecracks and sallies, never in short supply, were quoted from one end of the state to the other. He dismissed as meaningless the large crowds Tom Dewey drew on his first swing through the state in 1944 by saying that people had turned out to see him "just as they would go to see a dead whale on a flat car." He was a politician's politician and the delight of reporters and editors. For years his office was the first port of call for visiting political bigwigs of both parties and journalists who wanted to be briefed on the state's volatile politics.

Kenny was born in 1901 in a home at 8th and Flower Streets in what is now "downtown" Los Angeles. An only child, he was adored and pampered by his wealthy parents, in part perhaps because he had been born with a withered arm, a misfortune which never seemed to bother him but did in many unacknowledged ways. It was said of him that he was the only police reporter ever known to have gone to work in a Lincoln limousine. When he was president of the National Lawyers Guild in the 1940s, defending "reds" and "radicals," he looked forward with pleasure to attending the regular monthly meetings of the board of directors of the Citizens National Bank of which he was a member. The other directors, one may be sure, enjoyed his company if they did not always accept his advice. An easy touch, he had a lively sympathy for underdogs and down-and-outers. He detested hypocrites, the excessively self-righteous, and humbugs of all varieties.

After graduating from Stanford at the age of 19 he served as assistant financial editor of the *Los Angeles Times* and later as a reporter for the Los Angeles *Express,* the Los Angeles *Herald,* the Paris *Tribune* and the United Press (in London). He had become a legend by the time he was 25. In Paris, he enjoyed quite a reputation as an expert handicapper; in fact he was always good at picking winners, in politics and at the racetracks. After a year and a half of study, he passed the California bar examination and was appointed to the Municipal Court bench by Gov. James Rolfe some months before he had been admitted to practice for the requisite five years; the appointment had to be postdated.

Accurately described by the *Los Angeles Times* as "a man ahead of his time," Kenny was a "premature wet." He once organized a parade through the streets of bone-dry Los Angeles to advocate repeal of the Prohibition Act. At the head of the parade was a stake truck with a jazz band which included Louis Armstrong and his trumpet. Behind the truck came the jovial Kenny, riding in a big white Cadillac. At the time this seemed like suicidal politics, but it wasn't. Initially a Republican, Kenny had helped elect Rolfe, a long shot but known as a "wet," and nearly succeeded in electing his friend, the colorful Tallant Tubbs, to the U. S. Senate in 1932. Another "premature wet," Tubbs defeated Sen. Samuel Shortridge for the Republican nomination but then fell victim to William Gibbs McAdoo, the Democratic nominee, in the Roosevelt landslide of that year. After being advanced to the Superior Court bench by Governor Rolfe, Kenny resigned in 1938 to run as a Democrat for the state Senate from Los Angeles County. In the state Senate he was, predictably, well ahead of his colleagues on most issues; he introduced, for example, the first bill in the California legislature to abolish the death penalty. Named to the District Court of Appeals by Governor Olson, he served briefly but resigned to run for Attorney General in 1942, succeeding Earl Warren who was elected Governor that year.

Warren and Kenny were good friends and, in a subtle way, tacit collaborators. Kenny had been responsible in no small measure for Warren's election as Attorney General in 1938. At some considerable political risk he endorsed Warren, who had cross-filed in the Democratic

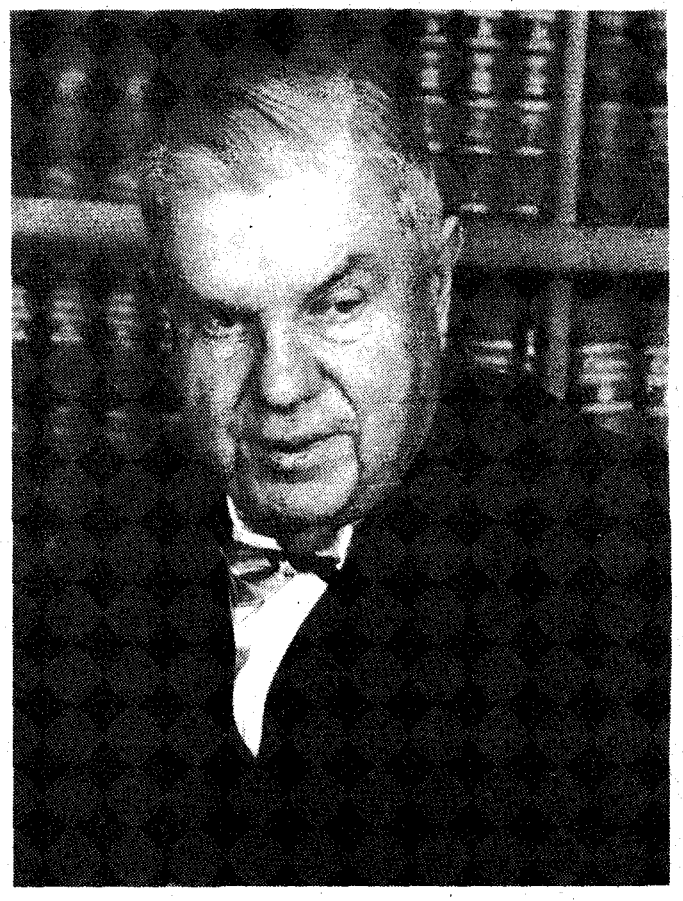
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

primary; the endorsement, not appreciated by Kenny's fellow Democrats, was a significant factor in Warren's election. Before issuing the endorsement, Kenny obtained a handwritten letter in which Warren stated that he shared his friend's commitment to civil liberties. The letter was widely circulated in the campaign and was extremely good politics for Warren who, up to that time and in fact until his appointment to the Supreme Court, had a bleak-to-dismal record on civil liberties and civil rights. But it is a measure of Kenny's sagacity that once Warren got where he wanted to be—the Supreme Court—he honored his earlier commitment to civil liberties.

In 1942, when Warren decided to run for Governor, he let it be known that if Kenny ran for Attorney General, the Republicans would not be displeased. That is, Warren endorsed Kenny by implication. Kenny was the only Democrat to win election to a statewide office that year. As a wartime Attorney General, he was wholly admirable. Warren had forcefully advocated the mass evacuation of all Japanese Americans and later took the position that none should be permitted to return to California until the end of the war. But Kenny managed to win his cooperation and support, along with that of the local law-enforcement officials—no small chore in itself—and so the returning evacuees encountered only minor acts of hostility. He was also largely responsible for the prompt restoration of civic order at the time of the "zoot-suit" race riots in Los Angeles.

Up to this point, Kenny's political advancement had been swift and relatively easy; he had gone up the ladder by filling vacuums which he had helped create. California was his pad; he knew every nook and cranny of the state and possessed an unrivaled knowledge of its politics, past and present. He had great personal charm, but he was not a good candidate—in part because he was much more an introvert than people realized. Sensitive, widely read, extremely intelligent, he abhorred the vapid rhetoric, sweeping generalizations and table-thumping mannerisms of most California politicians of his generation. In 1946 he was dragooned into running against his covert ally, Earl Warren, largely because he was the strongest candidate the belatedly formed New Deal Democratic Party in California could come up with. No one knew better than canny Bob Kenny that his chances against Warren, running for re-election after a reasonably successful first term, were minuscule, but he was under great pressure from liberal Democrats and left-wing elements to make the race. I was never quite sure why he finally consented. The major issue Warren stressed was one that he had invented—how best to protect California from a threatened invasion by "Eastern criminal elements"—but he won in a landslide. The entire Democratic slate, including Edmund G. Brown, running for Attorney General, and Will Rogers Jr., the party's nominee for U. S. Senate, went down to defeat.

That election wrote finis to Kenny's political career. The cold war had begun in 1945 and as it heated up he was increasingly motivated to oppose it, appearing as counsel for the Hollywood Ten and defending many others whose civil liberties were under attack. From 1940 to 1948 he was president of the National Lawyers Guild (he was one of the founders); few lawyers of his prominence would have welcomed the assignment in those years, but he accepted the burdens—and the often vicious redbaiting—with his usual good nature, never taking himself too seriously, never losing his cool.



"If" has little practical meaning in politics but *if* Kenny had run for re-election as Attorney General in 1946, he would have enjoyed Warren's blessing if not his active support. His re-election to that office would have been assured, with excellent prospects for a third term in 1950. Then, when Warren was named to the Supreme Court, he would have been unbeatable as a Democratic nominee for Governor. That, in effect, is the route "Pat" Brown took. Brown was elected Attorney General in 1950, re-elected in 1954, and then served two terms as Governor. In 1966 Brown, as Governor, renamed Kenny to the Superior Court bench, on which he served until his retirement last year. At the time of his retirement the Los Angeles Bar Association voted to give him the Shattuck-Price Award for distinguished service to the legal profession, in part no doubt by way of making amends for past slights and oversights. On this occasion Kenny was asked what he had done in the course of his career of which he was most proud. It was, he replied, the eight years in the late 1940s and 1950s during which he had spent most of his time defending so-called "reds" and "radicals" who had been denied their constitutional rights. One may be sure that Bob Kenny did not sacrifice his political career lightly: politics was his life's blood. He did what he thought he had to do. He will be long remembered in California. Nor will Californians ever see his like again, not ever.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA

THE OCEAN IS DEAD

JOHN C. FINE

It was a fine Monday, July 5, 1976. A smooth sea, sunny warm weather, the companionship of fellow divers from our club and a good skipper. Operation Sail the day before had emphasized our nautical heritage in a gala salute to New York, speeches dwelling on the place the oceans played in shaping our nation.

Charlie Stratton, a veteran diver and ordnance expert with the U.S. Army, had told us on the phone. "It's bad," he said. "The pollution has ruined everything." He remembers diving in the Atlantic, off the New Jersey coast, when the water shimmered light. "You could look straight down and the light reflected off the bottom, just like in Florida," he'd reminisce. "You could look down with a mask from the surface and see the wrecks on the bottom," he'd tell us. Charlie always complained that "there are no petrels, no fish, nothing. There's nothing out here. They're all dead and those that are alive, I'm afraid to eat them."

It wasn't that we doubted Charlie Stratton's word, but he remembers another time. Most divers don't. We take the pollution, turbid water, silt and lack of marine life for granted. We've been brought up with it.

Seventeen miles out in the Atlantic off Point Pleasant, N.J., we hooked into the wreck of the *Arundo*. An intact shipwreck in 120 feet of water. The surface water was fairly turbid, then we passed through distinct broad layers of yellow-brown flocculent matter. At 100 feet there was no light. On the wreck we were in total darkness. Fish were lying on the bottom belly up, dead ling were everywhere, as were starfish and other life. These observations were confirmed by five divers, including Dave Bulloch, president of the American Littoral Society.

Stratton just shook his head and re-emphasized what he had tried to tell us. We pulled anchor, traveled forty-five minutes to another offshore wreck known as the *Logwood*. We dove to 90 feet. All manner of marine life was dead. The fish were gone. No diver observed any live fish. Crabs in large numbers were dead, or sick and dying. Lobsters were dead, lying on the wreck, out of their holes. Anemone, starfish and mussels were also dead. A black flocculent substance covered the sand everywhere and when the sand was disturbed, the substance surged up in the water. All divers confirmed the same observations. Samples of water were taken and dead marine organisms were iced to be brought to a laboratory for analysis by Dave Bulloch.

What we were observing, first hand, was the dead sea. Commercial fishermen, pledged to silence by canners and fish wholesalers, have kept this massive fish kill to themselves. They must run miles and miles from port to find any fish at all. And they have been pulling up dead fish in their nets. Only recently have some fishermen had the courage to report the sad news they've been witnessing in the entire area from Sandy Hook to Barnegat Inlet—a strip of nearly 55 miles along the New Jersey coastline. Pat Yanston, a microbiologist who is the environmental committeeman for the Eastern Diveboat Association, was quoted by *The New York Times* on July 8: "I went out to a shipwreck, and it was completely dead—starfish, eels, lobsters, all sizes of crab—everything was dead."

A few weeks ago, a major crisis struck New York's barrier beaches, forcing their closing due to pollution. For years the ocean in the New York Bight off Ambrose Light has been used to dump sewage sludge. More than two years ago I wrote articles that reported studies that found the sludge to have "migrated" to within a quarter

mile of the Fire Island beaches. Two years ago I quoted a U.S. Congressman who said: "They [the government] won't do anything about it until it's on the beaches." Now that it's on the beaches they deny, rebut, postpone and temporize. They don't do anything.

Dave Bulloch and Charlie Stratton described the artifice used by officials in communities along the Jersey shore. "We dipped buckets into the outfall from the pipeline. Sediment settled out, large chunks. If you confront them with this violation of the law not to pump settleable solids, they say 'it's not settling while it's being pumped.' What can you do? If they see you taking samples they turn it off—they have spotters," Dave Bulloch said. "I worked on the sewage outfall line. It has seventy-five small spouts along the pipe. That was done so people won't see it boiling out," Charlie Stratton reported, describing a community's sewage outfall line.

As a lawyer, I discussed the possibility of proceeding in this matter through official channels. Both Bulloch and Stratton shook their heads, discouraged by the apathy, dishonesty and deceit they have encountered every time they tried.

John Fine, a New York lawyer, is a nationally certified underwater instructor and a nationally certified research diving instructor in the United States and France. He has written many articles on the environmental problems of the oceans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One fellow from the American Littoral Society went into this chemical company wearing a hard hat. He asked the guard where the outfall lines were, because he had to come back and work on them. The guard showed him three outfalls. The company had only admitted one, and only one was authorized," Dave Bulloch said. I urged the necessity to gather proof of what we had seen in a manner that would be acceptable in a legal proceeding in order to document the problem.

"You don't need that," Charlie said. "I just tell folks to look at the price of fish. That says it all." I guess it does. Happy Birthday, America. The ocean is dead. □

THE 'CHICAGO BOYS' IN CHILE

Economic 'Freedom's' Awful Toll

ORLANDO LETELIER

It would seem to be a common-sensical sort of observation that economic policies are conditioned by and at the same time modify the social and political situation where they are put into practice. Economic policies, therefore, are introduced *in order* to alter social structures.

If I dwell on these considerations, therefore, it is because the necessary connection between economic policy and its sociopolitical setting appears to be absent from many analyses of the current situation in Chile. To put it briefly, the violation of human rights, the system of institutionalized brutality, the drastic control and suppression of every form of meaningful dissent is discussed (and often condemned) as a phenomenon only indirectly linked, or indeed entirely unrelated, to the classical unrestrained "free market" policies that have been enforced by the military junta. This failure to connect has been particularly characteristic of private and public financial institutions, which have publicly praised and supported the economic policies adopted by the Pinochet government, while regretting the "bad international image" the junta has gained from its "incomprehensible" persistence in torturing, jailing and persecuting all its critics. A recent World Bank decision to grant a $33 million loan to the junta was justified by its President, Robert McNamara, as based on purely "technical" criteria, implying no particular relationship to the present political and social conditions in the country. The same line of justification has been followed by American private banks which, in the words of a spokesman for a business consulting firm, "have been falling all over one another to make loans." (See Ann Crittenden: "Loans from Abroad Flow to Chile's Rightist Junta," *The New York Times*, February 20.) But probably no one has expressed this attitude better than the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. After a visit to Chile, during which he discussed human rights violations by the military government, William Simon congratulated Pinochet for bringing "economic freedom" to the Chilean people (*The Times*, May 17). This particularly convenient concept of a social system in which "economic freedom" and political terror coexist without touching each other, allows these financial spokesmen to support their concept of "freedom" while exercising their verbal muscles in defense of human rights.

The usefulness of the distinction has been particularly appreciated by those who have generated the economic policies now being carried out in Chile. In *Newsweek* of June 14, Milton Friedman, who is the intellectual architect and unofficial adviser for the team of economists now running the Chilean economy, stated: "In spite of my profound disagreement with the authoritarian political system of Chile, I do not consider it as evil for an economist to render technical economic advice to the Chilean Government, any more than I would regard it as evil for a physician to give technical medical advice to the Chilean Government to help end a medical plague."

It is curious that the man who wrote a book, *Capitalism and Freedom*, to drive home the argument that only classical economic liberalism can support political democracy can now so easily disentangle economics from politics when the economic theories he advocates coincide with an absolute restriction of every type of democratic freedom. One would logically expect that if those who curtail private enterprise are held responsible for the effects of their measures in the political sphere, those who impose unrestrained "economic freedom" would also be held responsible when the imposition of this policy is inevitably accompanied by massive repression, hunger, unemployment and the permanence of a brutal police state.

The Economic Prescription & Chile's Reality

The economic plan now being carried out in Chile realizes an historic aspiration of a group of Chilean economists, most of them trained at Chicago University by Milton Friedman and Arnold Harberger. Deeply involved in the preparation of the coup, the "Chicago boys," as they are known in Chile, convinced the generals that they were prepared to supplement the brutality, which the military possessed, with the intellectual assets it lacked. The U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence has disclosed that "CIA collaborators" helped plan

Orlando Letelier is a former senior economist and director of the loan division of the Inter-American Development Bank. He was Chilean Ambassador to the United States and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Popular Unity (Allende) Government. Mr. Letelier is at present director of the Transnational Institute, an independent research institute devoted to international policy studies. He also teaches at the School of International Services, American University, Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Allende's Economic Record

There is a widespread notion—reported by the American press, often without substantiation—that the Allende government made a "shambles" of the Chilean economy. It is hardly acceptable to judge an ongoing sociopolitical process only by traditional economic indicators which describe aggregate economic features and not the general condition of society. However, when those indicators are applied to Chile, the Popular Unity Government fares very well.

In 1971, the first year of the Allende government, the GNP increased 8.9%; industrial production rose by 11%; agricultural output went up by 6%; unemployment, which at the end of the Frei government was above 8%, fell to 3.8%. Inflation, which in the previous year had been nearly 35%, was reduced to an annual rate of 22.1%.

During 1972 the external pressures applied on the government and the backlash of the domestic opposition began to be felt. On the one hand, lines of credit and financing coming from multinational lending institutions and from the private banks and the government of the United States were severed (the exception being aid to the military). On the other hand, the Chilean Congress, controlled by the opposition, approved measures which escalated government expenditure without producing the necessary revenues (through an increase of taxes); this added momentum to the inflationary process. At the same time, factions of the traditional right wing began to foment violence aimed at overthrowing the government. Despite all this and the fact that the price of copper, which represented almost 80% of Chile's export earnings, fell to its lowest level in thirty years, the Chilean economy continued to improve throughout 1972.

By the end of that year, the growing participation of the workers and peasants in the decision-making process, which accompanied the economic progress of the preceding two years, began to threaten seriously the privileges of traditional ruling groups and provoked in them more violent resistance. By 1973, Chile was experiencing the full effects of the most destructive and sophisticated conspiracy in Latin American history. Reactionary forces, supported feverishly by their friends abroad, developed a broad and systematic campaign of sabotage and terror, which was intensified when the government gained in the March Congressional elections. This included the illegal hoarding of goods by the rich; creation of a vast black market; blowing up industrial plants, electrical installations and pipe lines; paralysis of the transportation system and, in general, attempts to disrupt the entire economy in such a way as to create the conditions needed to justify the military coup. It was this deliberate disruption, and not the Popular Unity, which created any chaos during the final days of the Allende government.

Between 1970 and 1973, the working classes had access to food and clothing, to health care, housing and education to an extent unknown before. These achievements were never threatened or diminished, even during the most difficult and dramatic moments of the government's last year in power. The priorities which the Popular Unity had established in its program of social transformations were largely reached. The broad masses of the Chilean people will never forget it.

the economic measures that Chile's junta enacted immediately after seizing power ("A Draconian Cure for Chile's Economic Ills," *Business Week*, January 12). Committee witnesses maintain that some of the "Chicago boys" received CIA funds for such research efforts as a 300-page economic blueprint that was given to military leaders before the coup. It is therefore understandable that after seizing power they were, as *The Wall Street Journal* (November 2, 1973) put it, "champing to be unleashed" on the Chilean economy. Their first approach to the situation was gradual; only after a year of relative confusion did they decide to implement without major modification the theoretical model they had been taught at Chicago. The occasion merited a visit to Chile by Mr. Friedman himself who, along with his associate, Professor Harberger, made a series of well-publicized appearances to promote a "shock treatment" for the Chilean economy—something that Friedman emphatically described as "the only medicine. Absolutely. There is no other. There is no other long-term solution." (The quotation is from *El Mercurio* of Santiago, March 23, 1975.)

These are the basic principles of the economic model offered by Friedman and his followers and adopted by the Chilean junta: that the only possible framework for economic development is one within which the private sector can freely operate; that private enterprise is the most efficient form of economic organization and that, therefore, the private sector should be the predominant factor in the economy. Prices should fluctuate freely in accordance with the laws of competition. Inflation, the worst enemy of economic progress, is the direct result of monetary expansion and can be eliminated only by a drastic reduction of government spending.

Except in present-day Chile, no government in the world gives private enterprise an absolutely free hand. That is so because every economist (except Friedman and his followers) has known for decades that, in the real life of capitalism, there is no such thing as the perfect competition described by classical liberal economists. In March 1975, in Santiago, a newsman dared suggest to Friedman that even in more advanced capitalist countries, as for example the United States, the government applies various types of controls on the economy. Mr. Friedman answered: "I have always been against it, I don't approve of them. I believe we should not apply them. I am against economic intervention by the government, in my own country, as well as in Chile or anywhere else" (*Que Pasa*, Chilean weekly, April 3, 1975).

This is not the place to evaluate the general validity of the postulates advanced by Friedman and the Chicago School. I want to concentrate only on what happens when their model is applied to a country like Chile. Here Friedman's theories are especially objectionable—from an economic as well as a moral point of view—because they propose a total free market policy in a framework of extreme inequality among the economic agents involved: inequality between monopolistic and small and medium entrepreneurs; inequality between the owners of capital and those who own only their capacity to work, etc. Similar situations would exist if the model were applied to any other underdeveloped, dependent economy.

It is preposterous to speak about free competition in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chile. The economy there is highly monopolized. An academic study made during President Frei's regime pointed out that in 1966 "284 enterprises controlled each and every one of the subdivisions of Chilean economic activities. In the industrial sector, 144 enterprises controlled each and every one of the subsectors. In turn, within each of these 144 manufacturing enterprises which constituted the core of the industrial sector, a few shareholders controlled management: in more than 50% of the enterprises, the ten largest shareholders owned between 90 and 100% of the capital." (*Politica y Espiritu*, No. 356; 1975.)

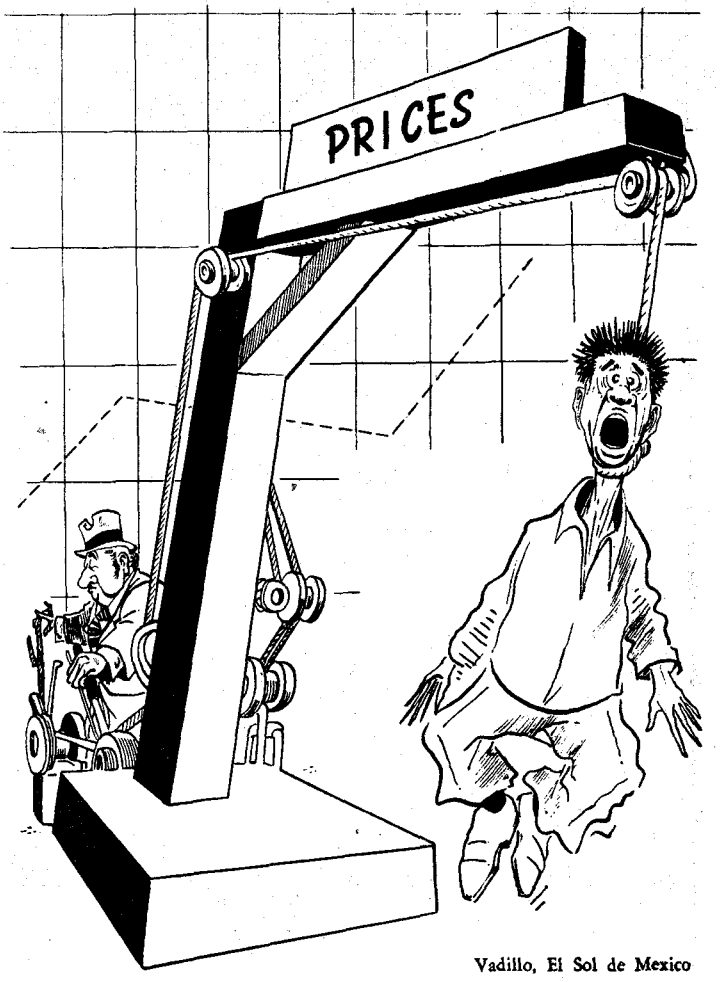
On the other hand, studies also conducted during the pre-Allende period demonstrated the extent to which the Chilean economy has been dominated by foreign-based multinationals. As Barnet and Müller put it in *Global Reach,* "In pre-Allende Chile, 51% of the largest 160 firms were effectively controlled by global corporations. In each of the seven key industries of the economy one to three firms controlled at least 51% of the production. Of the top twenty-two global corporations operating in the country, nineteen either operated free of all competition or shared the market with other oligopolists."

From 1971 to 1973, most of the monopolistic and oligopolistic industries were nationalized and transferred to the public sector. However, the zeal with which the military dictatorship has dismantled state participation in the economy and transferred industries to foreign ownership suggests that levels of concentration and monopolization are now at least as high as they were before the Popular Unity (Allende) Government.

An International Monetary Fund Report of May 1976 points out: "The process of returning to the private sector the vast majority of the enterprises which over the previous fifteen years, but especially in 1971-73, had become part of the public sector continued [during 1975]. . . . At the end of 1973 the Public Development Corporation (CORFO) had a total of 492 enterprises, including eighteen commercial banks. . . . Of this total, 253 enterprises . . . have been returned to their former owners. Among the other 239 enterprises . . . 104 (among them ten banks) have been sold; sixteen (including two banks) have already been adjudicated, with the completion of the transfer procedure being a matter of weeks; the sale of another twenty-one is being negotiated bilaterally with groups of potential buyers. . . ." Competitive bidding is still to be solicited for the remaining enterprises. Obviously the buyers are always a small number of powerful economic interests who have been adding these enterprises to the monopolistic or oligopolistic structures within which they operate. At the same time, a considerable number of industries have been sold to transnational corporations, among them the national tire industry (INSA), bought by Firestone for an undisclosed sum, and one of the main paper pulp industries (Celulosa Forestal Arauco), bought by Parsons & Whittemore.

There are many other examples to show that, as far as competition goes, Mr. Friedman's prescription does not yield the economic effects implicit in his theoretical model. In the first half of 1975, as part of the process of lifting regulations from the economy, the price of milk was exempted from control. With what result? The price to the consumer rose 40% and the price paid to the producer dropped 22%. There are more than 10,000 milk producers in Chile but only two milk processing companies, which control the market. More than 80% of Chilean paper production and all of certain types of paper come from one enterprise—the Compañia Manufacturera de Papeles y Cartones, controlled by the Alessandri interests—which establishes prices without fear of competition. More than fifteen foreign brands are offered in the Chilean home appliances market, but they are all in the hands of only three companies, which assemble them in Chile and determine their retail prices.

Of course, any of the followers of the Chicago School would say that, with the liberalization of the international market, as prescribed by the model, Chilean monopolies and oligopolies would be exposed to competition from abroad. However, that does not happen. Chile so lacks foreign currency that it cannot import what it needs of even the most essential goods. Still more important is the fact that foreign enterprises are not interested in sending to Chile goods which could compete with those manufactured by their own Chilean subsidiaries. Besides, in Chile the economic interests which control the manufacturing industry also control the financial apparatus and import activities. These groups are not disposed to compete with themselves. In short, the application of



Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Friedman's theories to the real world of Chile means that the industrialists can freely "compete" at whatever price levels they choose.

Other aspects of the brand of economics taught at the University of Chicago are conveniently ignored by the junta's economic advisers. One is the importance of wage contracts freely negotiated between employers and workers; another is the efficiency of the market as an instrument to allocate resources in the economy. It is sardonic to mention the right of the workers to negotiate in a country where the Central Workers' Federation has been outlawed and where salaries are established by the junta's decree. It may also seem grotesque to speak of the market as the most effective instrument for allocating resources when it is widely known that there are practically no productive investments in the economy because the most profitable "investment" is speculation. Under the slogan "We must create a capital market in Chile," selected private groups enjoying the junta's protection have been authorized to establish so-called "financieras," which engaged in the most outrageous financial speculations. Their abuses have been so flagrant that even Orlando Saez, former president of the Chilean Industrialists' Association and a staunch supporter of the coup, could not refrain from protesting. "It is not possible," he said, "to continue with the financial chaos that dominates in Chile. It is necessary to channel into productive investments the millions and millions of financial resources that are now being used in wild-cat speculative operations before the very eyes of those who don't even have a job." (*La Tercera,* April 9, 1975.)

But the crux of Friedman's prescription, as the junta never ceases to emphasize, is control of inflation. It should, according to the junta, enlist "the vigorous efforts of *all* Chileans." Professor Harberger declared categorically in April 1975: "I can see no excuses for not stopping inflation: its origins are well known; government deficits and monetary expansion have to be stopped. I know you are going to ask me about unemployment; if the government deficits were reduced by half, still the rate of unemployment would not increase more than 1%" (*Que Pasa*, April 10, 1975). According to the junta's official figures, between April and December 1975, the government deficit was reduced by approximately the 50% that Harberger recommended. In the same period, unemployment rose six times as much as he had predicted. The remedy he continues to advocate consists of reducing government spending, which will reduce the amount of currency in circulation. This will result in a contraction of demand, which in turn will bring about a general reduction of prices. Thus inflation would be defeated. Professor Harberger does not say explicitly *who* would have to lower their standard of living to bear the costs of the cure.

Without a doubt, excessive monetary expansion constitutes an important inflationary factor in any economy. However, inflation in Chile (or any underdeveloped country) is a far more complex problem than the one presupposed by the mechanical models of the monetarist theorists. The followers of the Chicago School seem to forget, for example, that the monopolistic structure of the Chilean economy allows the dominant firms to maintain prices in the face of falling demand. They also forget the role that so-called inflationary expectations play in generating price increases. In Chile, inflationary expectations have lately been approximating 15% per month. Looking ahead, firms prepare for rising costs by raising their own prices. This continuous price "leap-frogging" feeds a general inflationary spiral. On the other hand, in such an inflationary climate, no one with liquid assets wants to hold them. Powerful interest groups, operating without government control, can thus manipulate the financial apparatus. They create institutions to absorb any available money and use it in various forms of speculation, which thrive on and propel inflation.

The Economic Results

Three years have passed since this experiment began in Chile and sufficient information is available to conclude that Friedman's Chilean disciples failed—at least in their avowed and measurable objectives—and particularly in their attempts to control inflation. But they have succeeded, at least temporarily, in their broader purpose: to secure the economic and political power of a small dominant class by effecting a massive transfer of wealth from the lower and middle classes to a select group of monopolists and financial speculators.

The empirical proof of the economic failure is overwhelming. On April 24, 1975, after the last known visit of Messrs. Friedman and Harberger to Chile, the junta's Minister of Finance, Jorge Cauas, said: "The Hon. junta have asked me to formulate and carry out an economic program primarily directed to eradicate inflation. Together with a numerous group of technicians, we have presented to the Chilean authorities a program of economic revival which has been approved and is beginning. The principal objective of this program is to stop inflation in the remainder of 1975." (The "group of technicians" is obviously Friedman and company.) By the end of 1975 Chile's annual rate of inflation had reached 341%—that is, the highest rate of inflation in the world.* Consumer prices increased that same year by an average 375%; wholesale prices rose by 440%.

Analyzing the causes of Chilean inflation in 1975, a recent report of the International Monetary Fund (IMF) says: "The cutback in government spending, with its adverse effects on employment, in housing, and public works, went significantly further than programmed in order to accommodate the large credit demands of the private sector. . . ." Later on it states: "Overall monetary management remained expansionary in 1975. Moreover, continued high inflationary expectations and the public's attendant unwillingness to increase its real cash balances greatly complicated the implementation of the monetary program." Referring to private organizations which have begun to operate without any control, the report adds that the "financieras" have been allowed to operate beside the commercial banking system and at interest rates up to 50% higher than the maximum permissible banking rate. According to the same source, the "financieras" were oper-

*The two countries with the next highest rates of inflation in 1975 were Argentina, with 312%, and Uruguay with 68.1%. Both are countries with dependent capitalist economies that apply junta-style models of political repression and "economic freedom."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ating in 1975 at an interest rate of 14% a month, or 168% a year; they obtained loans in New York at 10% to 12% a year.

The implementation of the Chicago model has not achieved a significant reduction of monetary expansion. It has, however, brought about a merciless reduction of the income of wage earners and a dramatic increase in unemployment; at the same time it has increased the amount of currency in circulation by means of loans and transfers to big firms, and by granting to private financial institutions the power to create money. As James Petras, an American political scientist, puts it (*New Politics*, Winter 1976): "The very social classes on which the junta depends are the main instrumentalities of the inflation."

The inflationary process, which the junta's policies stimulated immediately after the coup, was slightly reduced in 1975 as compared to the unbelievable rate of 375.9% in 1974. Such a minor reduction, however, does not indicate any substantial approach to stabilization and seems on the whole utterly irrelevant to the majority of Chileans who must endure the total collapse of their economy. This situation recalls the story of a Latin American dictator at the beginning of this century. When his advisers came to tell him that the country was suffering from a very serious educational problem, he ordered all public schools closed. Now, more than seventy years into this century, there still remain disciples of the anecdotal dictator who think that the way to eradicate poverty in Chile is to kill the poor people.

The exchange rate depreciations and the cutbacks in governmental expenditures have produced a depression which, in less than three years, has slowed the country's rate of development to what it was twelve years ago. Real Gross Domestic Product (GDP) contracted during 1975 by nearly 15% to its lowest level since 1969, while, according to the IMF, real national income "dropped by as much as 26%, leaving real per capita income below its level ten years earlier." The decline in the overall 1975 GDP reflects an 8.1% drop in the mining sector, a 27% decline in the manufacturing industries and a 35% drop in construction. Petroleum extraction declined by an estimated 11%, while transport, storage and communications declined 15.3%, and commerce fell 21.5%.

In the agricultural sector production appears virtually stagnant in 1975-76, with only an 0.4% variation from the previous agricultural year. This stagnation has been caused by a combination of factors, including the continued rise in the cost of imported fertilizers and pesticides. The use of fertilizer dropped by an estimated 40% in 1975-76. The increase in import prices also accounted for the decline in production of pork and poultry, which are almost entirely dependent on imported feed. The return to the former owners of several million hectares of farm land that had been expropriated and transferred to peasant organizations under the 1967 Agrarian Reform Law, has also reduced agricultural production. As of the end of 1975 almost 60% of all agricultural estates affected by the land reform—equivalent to about 24% of total expropriated land—has been subject to the junta's decisions. Of this total, 40% of the agricultural enterprises (75% of the physical acreage and more than 50% of the irrigated land) have entirely reverted to former owners.

In the external sector of the economy, the results have been equally disastrous. In 1975 the value of exports dropped 28%, from $2.13 billion to $1.53 billion, and the value of imports dropped 18%, from $2.24 billion to $1.81 billion, thus showing a trade deficit of $280 million. Imports of foodstuffs dropped from $561 million in 1974, to $361 million in 1975. In the same period domestic food production declined, causing a drastic reduction in food for the masses of the population. Concurrently, the outstanding external public debt repayable in foreign currency increased from $3.60 billion on December 31, 1974, to $4.31 billion on December 31, 1975. This accentuated Chile's dependence on external sources of financing, especially from the United States. The junta's policies have burdened Chile with one of the highest per capita foreign debts in the world. In the years to come the nation will have to allocate more than 34% of its projected exports earnings to the payment of external debts.

But the most dramatic result of the economic policies has been the rise in unemployment. Before the coup, unemployment in Chile was 3.1%, one of the lowest in the Western Hemisphere. By the end of 1974, the jobless rate had climbed beyond 10% in the Santiago metropolitan area and was also higher in several other sections of the country. Official junta and IMF figures show that by the end of 1975 unemployment in the Santiago metropolitan area had reached 18.7%; the corresponding figure in other parts of the country was more than 22%; and in specific sectors, such as the construction industry, it had reached almost 40 per cent. Unemployment has continued to climb in 1976 and, according to the most conservative estimates, in July approximately 2.5 million Chileans (about one-fourth of the population) had no income at all; they survive thanks to the food and clothing distributed by church and other humanitarian organizations. The attempts by religious and other institutions to ease the economic desperation of thousands of Chilean families have been made, in most cases, under the suspicion and hostile actions of the secret police.

The inhuman conditions under which a high percentage of the Chilean population lives is reflected most dramatically by substantial increases in malnutrition, infant mortality and the appearance of thousands of beggars on the streets of Chilean cities. It forms a picture of hunger and deprivation never seen before in Chile. Families receiving the "minimum wage" cannot purchase more than 1,000 calories and 15 grams of protein per person per day. That is less than half the minimum satisfactory level of consumption established by the World Health Organization. It is, in short, slow starvation. Infant mortality, reduced significantly during the Allende years, jumped a dramatic 18% during the first year of the military government, according to figures provided by the U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America. To deflect

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criticism from within its own ranks against the brutal consequences of layoffs, the junta in 1975 established a token "minimum employment program." However, it covers only 3% of the labor force, and pays salaries amounting to less than $30—a month!

Although the economic policies have more mercilessly affected the working classes, the general debacle has significantly touched the middle class as well. At the same time, medium-size national enterprises have had their expectations destroyed by the reduction in demand, and have been engulfed and destroyed by the monopolies against which they were supposed to compete. Because of the collapse of the automobile industry, hundreds of machine shops and small industries which acted as subcontractors have faced bankruptcy. Three major textile firms (FIAD, Tomé Oveja and Bellavista) are working three days a week; several shoe companies, among them Calzados Bata, have had to close. Ferriloza, one of the main producers of consumer durables, recently declared itself bankrupt. Facing this situation, Raul Sahli, the new president of the Chilean Industrialists' Association, and himself linked to big monopolies, declared earlier in the year: "The social market economy should be applied in all its breadth. If there are industrialists who complain because of this, let them go to hell. I won't defend them." He is so quoted by André Gunder Frank in a "Second Open Letter to Milton Friedman and Arnold Harberger," April 1976.

The nature of the economic prescription and its results can be most vividly stated by citing the pattern of domestic income distribution. In 1972, the Popular Unity Government employees and workers received 62.9% of the total national income; 37.1% went to the propertied sector. By 1974 the share of the wage earners had been reduced to 38.2%, while the participation of property had increased to 61.8%. During 1975, average real wages are estimated to have declined by almost 8%," according to the International Monetary Fund. It is probable that these regressive trends in income distribution have continued during 1976. What it means is that during the last three years several billions of dollars were taken from the pockets of wage earners and placed in those of capitalists and landowners. These are the economic results of the application in Chile of the prescription proposed by Friedman and his group.

A Rationale for Power

The economic policies of the Chilean junta and its results have to be placed in the context of a wide counter-revolutionary process that aims to restore to a small minority the economic, social and political control it gradually lost over the last thirty years, and particularly in the years of the Popular Unity Government.

Until September 11, 1973, the date of the coup, Chilean society had been characterized by the increasing participation of the working class and its political parties in economic and social decision making. Since about 1900, employing the mechanisms of representative democracy, workers had steadily gained new economic, social and political power. The election of Salvador Allende as President of Chile was the culmination of this process. For the first time in history a society attempted to build socialism by peaceful means. During Allende's time in office, there was a marked improvement in the conditions of employment, health, housing, land tenure and education of the masses. And as this occurred, the privileged domestic groups and the dominant foreign interests perceived themselves to be seriously threatened.

Despite strong financial and political pressure from abroad and efforts to manipulate the attitudes of the middle class by propaganda, popular support for the Allende government increased significantly between 1970 and 1973. In March 1973, only five months before the military coup, there were Congressional elections in Chile. The political parties of the Popular Unity increased their share of the votes by more than 7 percentage points over their totals in the Presidential election of 1970. This was the first time in Chilean history that the political parties supporting the administration in power gained votes during a midterm election. The trend convinced the national bourgeoisie and its foreign supporters that they would be unable to recoup their privileges through the democratic process. That is why they resolved to destroy the democratic system and the institutions of the state, and, through an alliance with the military, to seize power by force.

In such a context, concentration of wealth is no accident, but a rule; it is not the marginal outcome of a difficult situation—as they would like the world to believe—but the base for a social project; it is not an economic liability but a temporary political success. Their real failure is not their apparent inability to redistribute wealth or to generate a more even path of development (these are not their priorities) but their inability to convince the majority of Chileans that their policies are reasonable and necessary. In short, they have failed to destroy the consciousness of the Chilean people. The economic plan has had to be enforced, and in the Chilean context that could be done only by the killing of thousands, the establishment of concentration camps all over the country, the jailing of more than 100,000 persons in three years, the closing of trade unions and neighborhood organizations, and the prohibition of all political activities and all forms of free expression.

While the "Chicago boys" have provided an appearance of technical respectability to the *laissez-faire* dreams and political greed of the old landowning oligarchy and upper bourgeoisie of monopolists and financial speculators, the military has applied the brutal force required to achieve those goals. Repression for the majorities and "economic freedom" for small privileged groups are in Chile two sides of the same coin.

There is, therefore, an inner harmony between the two central priorities announced by the junta after the coup in 1973: the "destruction of the Marxist cancer" (which has come to mean not only the repression of the political parties of the Left but also the destruction of all labor organizations democratically elected and all opposition, including Christian-Democrats and church organizations), the establishment of a free "private economy" and the control of inflation à la Friedman.

It is nonsensical, consequently, that those who inspire, support or finance that economic policy should try to present their advocacy as restricted to "technical considerations," while pretending to reject the system of terror it requires to succeed. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Writer's Space

SELECTED STORIES. *By Nadine Gordimer. The Viking Press. 381 pp. $10.*

HEAT & DUST. *By Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Harper & Row. 181 pp. $7.95.*

EUGENE CHESNICK

The latest appearance of works by two writers of established reputations, the *Selected Stories* of Nadine Gordimer and a new novel by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, *Heat and Dust*, might well be the occasion to look at the influence on us of a certain kind of fiction. Neither writer has ever been experimental in the current sense of that term. Their surroundings are exotic enough without that. At this stage a radically experimental book by either one of them would seem as surprising as coming upon a high rise along a river bank in the old Africa or India. But the landscapes have changed, the independence movements have gone forward, and the novel and short story have remained flexible enough to record these changes even when the authors have chosen not to explore fiction's conventions any further.

The solitariness of their situation, caught between cultures, old and new, native and imported, could easily be a stressful situation, but both Gordimer and Jhabvala have mustered the wit not to be done in. In her introduction Gordimer talks with no special intensity about her childhood isolation as part of a minority group in a mining town and later as a woman-intellectual and writer. For her cultural isolation is possibly no more than another version of an inevitable predicament. And in "Myself in India," her own introduction to a 1974 volume of stories, Jhabvala, Polish by birth, English by education and sensibility, and married to an Indian, outdoing Conrad even, admitted still vacillating between East and West: "My husband is Indian and so are my children. I am not, and less so every year." With so much intrusion of cultures one upon another to the apparent negation of them all, the writer, instead of choosing, may, more subtly, have to live in the gaps, filling the vacuum with one's work and creating, if not a writer's world in the old sense, at least a writer's space.

The tradition of a writer's solitariness has served Gordimer well in dealing with the other given of her scene, the continuing problems of colonial rule and racial injustice in South Africa. Only in a few stories does she seem too explicit in her themes. She has not herself become what she once called in a lecture a "testifier," someone with writing ambitions whose awareness of injustice is his only talent. Analyzing her work she seems especially sharp on the virtues and ambiguity of detachment: "Powers of observation heightened beyond the normal imply extraordinary disinvolvement; or rather the double process, excessive preoccupation and identification with the lives of others, and at the same time a monstrous detachment." Now we can see what those formulas for creating lifelike characters amount to: as good a projection into the feelings of others as we are likely to get, proven here under very difficult conditions. It is with the ironies of fiction that Gordimer deals wtih racial attitudes: the body of a black is finally retrieved from the authorities for burial with proper rites only to discover that the wrong body has been returned; an obtuse narrator is saved by a black man from a menace to her life by a white newcomer without ever achieving any understanding of how much she was helped. Colonialism would appear to have brought to African fiction the sense of irony necessary to reveal itself.

That sure sign of racial distrust, the white woman's fear of attack by a black man, undergoes more interesting variations in Gordimer's hands than is usually the case. In "Is There Nowhere Else Where We Can Meet?" the incident culminates in a moment of conscience at the end when the woman asks herself, Why didn't I just hand over my purse to the poor starving fellow? But the same fright can be used in a much more roundabout fashion, as in "The Life of the Imagination." The story is about a decidedly interior woman who, even though she has a husband, has long since concluded that, "Marriage was not possible, of course. Certainly not of true minds, because if one is ever going to find release from the mesmerism of appearances one is bound to make the effort oneself." She becomes involved with a doctor who comes to treat one of her children and so feels herself still further separated from the rounds of ordinary life. The passions are as strong as those Graham Greene reserves for illicit loves. "She learnt that shabbiness is the judgment of the outsider, the one left in the cold; there are no shabby love-affairs for those who are lovers." But one night the doctor leaves the door open on the way out of her house and she imagines that she will be murdered by black intruders. She has let her coveted inner life become cheapened: "She was empty, unable to summon anything but this stale fantasy, shared with the whole town, the whole white population."

Gordimer has been much praised for the excellence of her visual detail and rightly so. She considers herself an African writer and complains about the difficulty of modeling one's fiction after English literature where Christmas is not even in the same season. So she brings us the new imagery of an African sunset when the "lid of the horizon closed on the bloody eye of the sun," but in another way we have all been instructed by that other fiction so that one woman is seen as wearing a "downy sweater like a newly-hatched chick" and a fat woman is described with Dickensian extravagance as looking "like a pudding that had risen too high and run down the sides of the dish." An Indian fisherman poses for vacationers with his catch and Gordimer is able to accomplish a writer's improvement on camera work:

> And the sight of them, so concerned for his picture, released him to smile what was inside him, a strong, wide smile of pure achievement, that gathered up the unequal components of his face —his slim fine nose, his big ugly horse-teeth, his black crinkled-up eyes, and scribbled boldly a brave moment of whole man.

Fiction as a vehicle for social comedy is sometimes used to show off cocktail parties and other gatherings where blacks and liberal whites meet but do not understand. In other stories, it is the private sorrows that are most insisted upon. While attending a cricket match where the large crowd appears "more like a bed of coarse, easy-growing flowers than a crowd of human faces," a woman is

Eugene Chesnick teaches literature at Temple University. He is at work on a novel based on the life of Charles Wilson Peale, parts of which have appeared in Prose *and* Michigan Quarterly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told that her husband has drowned while in the background she can still hear the "plonk of the ball and the crowd rising to it." The pieces that might well seem most impressive to outsiders from another climate are those where the single lives are set against the jungle landscape. The best example and certainly an exceptional story is "Livingstone's Companions." A reporter is assigned to retrace the steps of the famous expedition. He gets lost and finds himself at a lakeside resort. He has a copy of Livingstone's diary with him, and it is this most typical of English assumptions, the bringing of literature into the tropics and the belief in the written interpretation of experience, that gives the story its resonance. The reporter reads the account of the deaths of Livingstone's men and thinks "it must have been hell to die here, in this unbearable weight of beauty not shared with the known world, licked in the face by the furred tongue of this heat." In the middle of this terrain the hotel grounds are "pitted by the stakes of high heels" belonging to the woman owner. The woman herself argues over redecorating with a resentful son who would rather be off trying to make a career of his guitar playing. Guests arrive, there is a party, and everyone gets drunk. The reporter leaves but not before finally visiting the graves of Livingstone's companions where looking back at the lake he sees it "stretching still—even from up here—as far as one could see, flat and shining, a long way up Africa." If Africa can no longer so easily swallow up someone like Livingstone or Kurtz, the inroads may have had no other result than to introduce further triviality so that the social comedy is played out in a jungle instead of a garden.

The written record is also the substantial device of Jhabvala's *Heat and Dust*. The narrator comes to India to re-create for herself the story of her grandfather's first wife, Olivia, who abandoned him to live with the local prince. Coming to terms with the other woman's feelings, along with the impact of foreign ways, she hopes to put a stop to her own aimlessness of feeling. All she has to go on are Olivia's letters to a sister in Paris at the time. "I have laid Olivia's letters out on my little desk and work on them and this journal throughout the morning." Once she finds herself writing with the scent from some flowers of the place still on her hand. With such conventions do we gather up the time from 1923 to the present.

How important these conventions have become to us! How much we have come to rely on them to sort things out! Two separate looks at the same defection when the truth of any matter perhaps can only be understood as the sum of the points of view: the narrator's, Olivia's, Jhabvala's, to name just a few. Mix-ups abound in India as typified in the novel by the story of a shrine built by an early ruler to honor a Muslim holy man who sheltered him. Later, Hindu women come one day a year seeking a cure for childlessness—the very day supposedly a woman conceived after having a vision there. We are told, though, that there are "various interpretations, all of them differing and indeed contradicting each other." India has its multiple versions of the same legend and we have our fiction's multiple points of view.

The novelist's task, the English novelist's mostly, has been to impose the novel's logic on events in an alien setting where rationality is not much regarded in uncovering essences. The narrator herself once complains that the mindlessness of practicing mystics can at times drive her crazy. But she too has her impulses to merge with the setting: "Lying like this under the open sky there is a feeling of being immersed in space—though not in empty space, for there are people sleeping all around me, the whole town and I am part of it. How different from my lonely room in London with only my own walls to look at and my books to read." Her moods increasingly dictate a surrender of that other stronghold of Westernism, emphatic individualism. "I realized that I was changing, becoming more like everyone else. But also I thought that, if one lives here, it is best to be like everyone else." Such desires are more hers than Jhabvala's, one would think. Merging may be an aspect of India, but the working novelist is still in the business of arranging matters in order.

Jhabvala's arrangement of the details of her narrative are elaborate. A classic tableau with Englishmen in evening clothes being served from decanters is contrasted with modern India, more populated and subdivided than ever, where the present narrator tells of going to the post office in what used to be Olivia's breakfast room. Westerners turning up in India looking for religious answers, a topic that preoccupied Jhabvala in her novel immediately before this one, *Travellers,* is seized upon for this moment between an English boy, Chid, and an emotionally disturbed Indian woman: "Ritu began to scream the way she had done that night. Chid opened his eyes, looked at her, then shut them again and went on chanting. They both got louder—like communicants of two rival sects, each trying to prove the superiority of his faith by outshouting the other." Parallel happenings to the two woman are rather tightly drawn, even to the coincidence of dialogue under similar circumstances. If the outcomes in each case are not exactly identical, the pattern is emphasized, a literary version of reincarnation, as it were, acknowledging the primary repetitiveness of some quests.

The narrator chooses not to talk about her life before coming to India like the pilgrim who considers only the starting out of consequence. On the other hand, it is Olivia's last years that are a mystery although she seems to have stayed partly the domestic Englishwoman, careful about the decorations and all in her mountainside house, despite the considerable alterations of her circumstances. About her feelings the narrator decides, "More and more I want to find out; but I suppose the only way I can is to do the same she did—that is, stay on." So she does and is taken up by India, trading in her detached, amused ways, an existence being passed with some ingenuity but always mixed with dissatisfaction, for a more drastically detached attempt at higher consciousness, accepting an utter homelessness beyond Olivia's imagining. Considering all the traffic in Eastern mysticism, Jhabvala's treatment of the conversion is interestingly complex. Chid, the would-be enlightened one, is written off and with him the current fads. His method is too pat and too imitative; his accounts of himself sound like abstract formulas for living rather than living. The narrator's changes take place more gradually but more permanently, fixed to a fact of her family's history and therefore personal and concrete.

The novel opened with the information that all the other English participants in the scandal had resumed lives back home, the betrayed husband, the future second wife, her sister, an English friend of the Indian Nawab. Even the Nawab and his mother moved on to London and New York. Only the two women stayed. Odd women but with an eccentricity recognizable from our novel reading. The irony is full enough for a comic ending—not just a crossover of lives but what amounts to a full cultural crossover. The social comedy has an element of blankness to its resolution, though, once one realizes that those whose destinies had brought them together (Olivia and the Nawab, the narrator and *her* Indian lover, the narrator and Olivia) could not sustain the intimacy so that instead of relationships there is only merging as a continuing possibility.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jhabvala collaborated on the screenplay for the film *Shakespeare Wallah* about a Shakespearean company touring provincial Indian towns. The group comes across the owner of a performing monkey act, a monkey-wallah, who tells them he is not doing well because people are no longer interested in his art. "Exactly our story," one of the actors replies. The other culture will not take hold. Near the end of *Heat and Dust* it is said that even now in India "there are British cemeteries everywhere! They have turned out to be the most lasting monument." Well, not quite. There is always fiction in the hands of skillful writers where lives and ways of life are so set down that, although cultures and colonialisms may come and go, an independent meaning is founded. □

Dregs Addicts and Cultural Illiterates

THE FRANCHISER. *By Stanley Elkin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 342 pp. $8.95.*

ANTHONY HEILBUT

Stanley Elkin is one of a small group of writers, the announcement of whose new works can fill a reader with pangs of anticipation and alarm. From Miami radio talk shows (*The Dick Gibson Show*) to Chicago condominiums (*Searches and Seizures*) to a nation of franchises (*The Franchiser*), he resurfaces in each book, a John Gunther of cultural changes, with the latest word on our national dizziness.

Elkin's style is manifest from the first paragraph. Not overtly experimental, his syntax is nevertheless crowded with cunning shifts of meaning and extravagant deployments of wit. The purpose of such stylistic pyrotechnics is clear, sometimes even academic. As the novel opens, its peripatetic hero Ben Flesh, in an attempt to locate himself geographically, adduces the physical shapes of various states: "Wyoming like a postage stamp, Michigan like a mitten." In one of the novel's set pieces, a crowd of ballroom dancers stumble over a spilled bottle of ketchup, "the intensity of color representing the actual measure, the music made visible." Later Flesh programmatically observes, "the culture is illiterate" so we must "read shapes." But Elkin's novel defiantly asserts that literary skills can unlock the culture's secrets, and that language can pre-empt all forms of sensuous life. Whenever Flesh comes upon "the monstrous that he dared not put in words," we have no doubt the words will come. The novel's bravado is to set itself against cultural illiteracy of the untellable in all its forms; when the untellable is the truly monstrous disease of multiple sclerosis, Elkin's verbal triumph is very moving. It may not be an insight into our public mess, but when Ben Flesh observes that his multiple sclerosis is "always incurable but only generally fatal," his grammatical trickery is literally lifesaving.

Although Flesh's mistress, Patty, the "Insight Lady" (she speaks in them) observes in the throes of orgasm that "plot is the language of time," *The Franchiser* travels through thirty years with very little story line. Ben Flesh, orphaned, ex-GI, business student, is summoned to the deathbed of his godfather, Julius Finsberg. Years ago, Finsberg tricked Flesh's father out of co-partnership in a dressmaking firm that has since costumed two decades of Broadway musicals. Now to make amends, Finsberg leaves the prime rate of interest to Flesh, as well as adoptive membership in his clan of eighteen twins and triplets. The Finsberg children, more clones than siblings, resemble one another so exactly (despite differences in age and sex) that Ben Flesh can learn their individual habits with dispatch, and make successive love to the sisters as if he has "with each girl what other men had never had—the possibility of a second chance, a third, of doing it all over again, only differently, only better."

Flesh invests the Finsberg money in franchises, from Howard Johnson to Fred Astaire to Colonel Sanders. The Finsbergs, copies of themselves, find franchises inspiring. The orphaned Flesh finds a peculiar solace in donning other men's names. Mastering an "Esperanto of human need," he creates a kingdom of goods and services but finds himself as homeless as the "jetsam crowd," the "dregs addicts" who populate his donut shops and dry cleaners. After most of the Finsbergs die, he decides at last to buy himself a home, in this case, a motel settled smack dab in the belly of Middle America, Ringgold, Ga.

Elkin presents Flesh as an exemplary figure ("*I'm* the culture"), empowered to "common-denominate until Americans recognize that it is America everywhere," and Flesh's interests do seem those of a quintessential American male. Like a grown-up version of the white teenager with his addiction to the decibels and paraphernalia of rock music, Flesh is fascinated by the accessories of oil rigs, car washes and stereo units, the craft of "Palm Court"-style Muzak and motel architecture. Elkin has an unpleasant but illuminating intuition: business schemes, the more mechanically organized the better, provide an imaginative outlet for many Americans. Gambling becomes high art compared to the mind set that extrapolates from an energy crisis (by way of fast-spoiled meat, frequent shopping and sturdy shoes) a market for flamboyant clothes.

As a survey of American life, *The Franchiser* is seldom flattering and often offensive. The narrator and leading characters make witless cracks about blacks, Puerto Ricans, homosexuals, the uneducated, the rural, women and their physical functions (one Finsberg sister dies of bed wetting, another of menses, "a lethal caviar"). Since no "faggots" and "jungle bunnies" figure among the splendid Finsbergs, the reader wonders at the point of all this baiting. D.H. Lawrence insisted that sentimentality was the other side of cynicism. After exposing his motel tourists as a band of debauched perverts, susceptible to every known disease (and Elkin will list them all for you), Flesh muses affectionately ". . . and still they smooch." One expects a Jerome Kern soundtrack. After turning the map into a cartoon, Flesh decides the country is "not a wheel of distances but of options" (Richard Rodgers community sing), and to make the sentimentality downright self-serving, "anywhere he went would be the center."

Elkin has an inordinate affection for puns (Flesh invokes the spirit of Bernard Baruch, "Baruch. Atoh. Adonai."), but he trivializes some of his moving situations by making them extended puns, the most vulgar form of allegory. So the Finsberg's ex-chorine mother dies during her comeback, "these revivals are killing them off." So Flesh makes love to Kitty Finsberg while submerged, "Kopechne'd," beneath a shower of car wash. So the first two Finsberg siblings to die expire of number one (Kitty chafes herself to death) and number two (the constipated but glowingly healthy Jerome excretes his intestines). And most grotesque, Flesh learns that he has MS during his gig as Mister Softee.

The depictions of multiple sclerosis,

Anthony Heilbut is the author of The Gospel Sound: Good News & Bad Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are so harrowing that most of the novel's lesser shocks seem like ludicrous melodrama. Elkin treats the subject of disease with an imaginative power that has few antecedents. In Proust's great novel, Marcel's grandmother suffers a stroke in a Bois de Boulogne rest room. Later, walking through the park, she tries to thwart her coming degeneration by recalling her past life, exercising the instrument that is about to permanently wind down. In a similar attempt to exert his decaying sensory powers, Flesh tries to discern the denomination of a coin in his hands, when in fact there is no coin. One also recalls Malcolm Lowry's taxonomy of the manic highs and lows of alcoholism, when Elkin tells and shows us "manic rage, anger, petulance, exuberance, exul- and exaltation" as the symptoms of remission.

Elkin achieves his highest eloquence in an almost Miltonic cataloguing of the sensations now lost to Flesh. "Happy is he, he thought, for whom gunny is as silk, burlap as cashmere, wool as percale, instead of—his experience of the past few years—the other way round. . . . He wanted jute between his fingers, sackcloth, linen, cambric, mohair. . . . Corduroy, tulle, organdy, lace. Grosgrain, chenille." Characteristically Elkin must append some puns, "He was a sucker for seersucker, would have felt felt." (More elegant but as superfluous is the later pun, Flesh's disease is the "physical configuration of his personality.") During his last remission, Flesh is again able to distinguish "dampness, all the marvelous degrees from dry to soaked, the splendid spectrum of humidity." Saddest of all, for Flesh who never seems to shut up, "talking, making sounds seemed to chafe the soft insides of his cheeks, raising blisters."

The Franchiser lacks a political and economic sensibility. For all its fascination with business mechanics, the machines all end up as big boys' toys and the franchises become the stuff of surreal musical comedy: Flesh's last vision is of a nation of Broadways. Meanwhile Jimmy Carter, the man who really knows about franchising the American mood, pontificates toward the White House, and Elkin's novel beautifully suited to explaining the appeal of a Carter fails to do so. (Since Elkin wishes to appropriate everything *present* in our society, a demand for some political light is not out of place.) *The Franchiser* is best read as a display of literary virtuosity. Elkin's prose rhythms train the reader to expect an eruption of outlandish parallels coincident with the presentation of each new franchise. Yet despite the relentless prolixity of *The Franchiser*, the novel accomplishes something new and wonderful. During the recent summer weeks, only the power of Elkin's vision could make the sensation of humidity seem a blessing. □

A Nose Thumb at Normality

EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES. *By Tom Robbins. Houghton Mifflin Company. 365 pp. $10.95. Paper $4.95.*

ANN CAMERON

Seen from a journalistic perspective, private lives are perpetual cliffhangers, dangling footnotes to economic and social crises, technological power, global schemes for life and death. Novelists sharing this perspective often find the public world gigantic, frightening and morally empty, while private lives look tiny and drab.

In this cultural situation, Tom Robbins's second novel, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, comes as a magical gift, a brilliant affirmation of private visions and private wishes and their power to transform life and death. A tall tale and a parable of essential humanness, it is a work of extraordinary playfulness, style and wit. Robbins's heroine is Sissy Hankshaw, a 1950s small-town girl born with giant thumbs. "Lucky that she don't suck 'em," says her uncle when she is a young child. "She couldn't suck 'em," says her daddy: "she'd need a mouth like a fish tank."

How do you survive "growing up"—a fateful phrase Robbins discusses at length—how do you survive growing up, jeered at by other kids, called Thumbelina even by your brothers? If you are Sissy, you "swirl yourself in the toughness of dreams." Sissy dreams of hitchhiking. She practices shyly in solitude and eventually becomes triumphant in the art, devoted to the process: her thumbs can flag down anything.

All does not go smoothly, however. Parents, teachers, neighbors, the family minister urge her to give up the habit. She is arrested for trying to hitch an ambulance, and taken under the dark wing of a social worker to the Goodwill Industries Ball, where she cries "I'm not handicapped, damn it!" (The dancers, who understand her spirit, applaud.) At 17, the possibility of an operation and a "normal life" occurs to her; she decides that her unaltered thumbs are "an invitation . . . *to live her life at some 'other' level,*" and she proceeds "to carve an identity for herself in the vast realm of personal idiosyncracy instead of carving it out of someone else's flesh, as is customarily the case."

With the agility of a mad photographer, taking quick shots from a hundred unexpected angles (the traditions of palmistry, the life of the whooping crane, the evolutionary significance of the opposable thumb), Robbins dazzles the reader with Sissy's further adventures. As he does so, it becomes clear that, like William Blake, he is concerned with two main human types: those who live with desire as their guide; and those who suppress desire, fantasy and personal identity in the name of "reason"—that is, in the name of customary thought and conventionalized desires.

The cosmeticizers of life are life's enemy. Yet they too are human and full of idiosyncracy, unexpected weaknesses, unexpected strengths. There is the Countess, manufacturer of feminine hygiene products for whose ads Sissy models, thumbs hidden in bouquets of flowers. The Countess, offended by all feminine odor, a great lover of order, nevertheless consoles Sissy: "Freak, schmeek. Most of us are freaks one way or another. Try being born a male Russian countess into a white middle-class Baptist family in Mississippi and you'll see what I mean." There is Dr. Dreyfus, a plastic surgeon, whose heart is with the forces of life. And Julian Gitche, a Mohawk Indian who has gone to Yale and never recovered, an artist with a paralyzing admiration for the order and symmetry of classical Greece; he loves Sissy, all of her except her hitchhiking and her thumbs.

Among the lovers of desire and imagination, the undeodorized and the natural, is an anti-therapist named Dr. Robbins (who even in his therapist days was heard to shout at a patient who complained of a lack of purpose in life: "Purpose! Purposes are for animals with a hell of a lot more dignity than the human race! Just hop on that strange torpedo and ride it to wherever it is going"). There is also an anti-guru who, having secluded himself from the

Ann Cameron has contributed poetry and fiction to The Iowa Review *and* Northwest Review. *She is completing a novel under a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and is the author of a children's book,* The Seed *(Pantheon Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world, frightens would-be pilgrims from his cave by exposing himself; a band of semi-apocalyptic Indians, The Clock People, who are preparing themselves for the end of time; and a group of wistful and unruly young women who, in a bloodless coup, take over a shape-up spa and beauty ranch because they want to be real cowgirls on a real ranch.

The real is more important than the conventionally beautiful. Life is more important than consistency—"If it gets sloppy," advises the anti-guru, "eat it over the sink." And he reflects:

> In times of widespread chaos and confusion, it has been the duty of more advanced human beings—artists, scientists, clowns and philosophers—to create order. In times such as ours, however, when there is too much order, too much management, too much programming and control, it becomes the duty of superior men and women to fling their favorite monkey wrenches into the machinery.

Robbins is not only a monkey-wrench thrower, and he is not an advocate of simple ignorance. Rather he would like to see human beings developed, not eviscerated, by culture. While his characters obstruct the routine grindings of civilization, they talk and suggest new cultural and psychic connections—for example, that American spiritual seekers might find their roots in pre-Christian Europe; that the conflict between the desire for security and the desire for playfulness and freedom may lie in our DNA and may be itself an aspect of evolution; that by progressively narrowing the area in which we express our authoritarian compulsions, we might be able to do without them. His characters delight also in fleshly connections, and in the midst of conversation lovemaking springs up like fields of flowers, and what is rare in literary intercourse, neither party is trying to win the other over or under.

It may be the chief remnant of our Puritan heritage that Americans are the most overexhorted people in the world. Utopian schemes rain upon us and reams of books published each year drive us toward relaxation, sensuality, exercise or politics. What is most welcome about Robbins is not that he has ideas, though he does and they are interesting, but that he makes us see as funny things we take too seriously, and so releases us. We are used to novels in which laughter echoes off our fears; Robbins's laughter reverberates with our strengths.

His characters don't mount their private wishes and ride off into a countercultural sunset. For their desires they suffer painfully. In a sentence Robbins can capture the formidable power of the normal—as when he has an old high school classmate of Sissy's look back on the past and say, "When you grow up with somebody you just sort of accept them even if they are odd." It's all there: complacency; the lip service paid to the right to differences; the beady-eyed inability to forget them.

Robbins's characters suffer, and some die. In the process they make us realize that even the pain and death of a culture or a planet are tolerable. What is intolerable is to live without—without what? Magic and poetry, Robbins says. Neither may be the right word, but this glorious and extravagant novel reminds us that we live to create as well as to observe. Truth and beauty, like magic and poetry, are not found but reinvented, and beyond more familiar novelistic truths are others that shine brighter. □

Between Deceit and Silence

FEMININE WILES. *By Jane Bowles. Black Sparrow Press. 85 pp. $10. Paper $3.50.*

MILLICENT G. DILLON

"I am so wily and feminine that I could live by your side for a lifetime and deceive you afresh each day. But I will have no truck with feminine wiles."

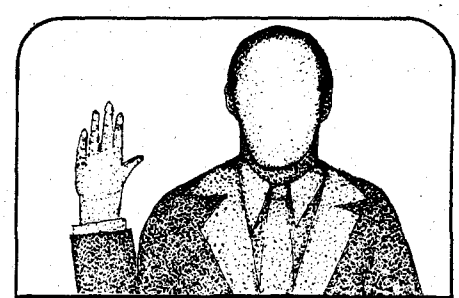
With these words from *Feminine Wiles* we are once again in the beguiling world of Jane Bowles. A posthumous collection of last fragments: an echo, a reminder, and a new beginning. Bowles died in 1973 after many years of silence. Her underground reputation is based on one novel, *Two Serious Ladies*, a play, *In The Summer House*, and six short stories, published under the title *Plain Pleasures*. In 1956, at age 39, she suffered a stroke which affected her sight and speech. She died in Malaga, Spain, in a convent hospital at age 56.

Now and then, during the silence before her death, recognition came. John Ashbery, on the publication of her collected works in 1966, called her "one of the finest modern writers of fiction in any language." But the recognition did nothing to unlock her silence. It was finally not the view of others, but her own harsh judgment that deterred her. As her husband, Paul Bowles, the writer and musician, says in a postscript to this collection, she was silenced by her "hypercritical view of her own work."

These last stories, all fragments of longer works, show how she struggled in her silence. She was not by nature a confessional writer, yet her life and the times drove her to the directness of revelation, away from her own intuitive and artful indirection. In the end she came to contend with her own style and vision.

In her early published work, no matter how she may have been racked by self-doubt, her intuition was transmuted into fiction. These later stories show an artist at war with that very intuition. They show her pressed by a harsh and judging intelligence she felt not to be her own. That intelligence condemned

Millicent Dillon is the author of Baby Perpetua, *a collection of short stories, and a novel,* The One in the Back Is Medea *(The Viking Press). She is at present working on a critical biography of Jane Bowles.*



UNCHOSEN PRESIDENTS

The Vice President and Other Frustrations of Presidential Succession

Allan P. Sindler

How best to provide for presidential succession, an old and vexing American problem, has taken on a new urgency with the extraordinary events of 1973-1974. Sindler clears out much of the heavy underbrush obscuring the subject.

"A keen, succinct study of the problems of Presidential succession." —*Kirkus Review*

A Quantum Book
128 pages, $5.95
At bookstores

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
BERKELEY 94720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her intuition and the art that relied on it as trickery.

In "Emmy Moore's Journal," a barely disguised autobiographical fragment, a woman has come to the Hotel Henry to be alone and to write a journal. Each day she writes to her husband, Paul Moore, a kind man who has encouraged her to go to the hotel. "He wants very much for me to be happy, and worries because I am not. He knows everything about me, including how much I deplore being the feminine kind of woman that I am." Of these feminine wiles she writes to him: "I know how they can absorb the hours of the day. Many women are delighted to sit around spinning their webs. . .

"I shall try to be honest with you so that I can live with you and yet won't be pitiful. Even if tossing my feminine tricks out the window means being left no better than an illiterate backwoodsman, or the bottom fish scraping along the ocean bed, I prefer to have it this way."

But after her directness, she feels bereft. "I have said nothing at all . . . I have not justified myself," Emmy Moore says to herself at the end.

In "Andrew," a story of a young man who struggles to get away from his mother and is drafted into the army, Bowles deals with a character at a greater distance from herself. Once again she is concerned with judgment and with artifice. Andrew tries to rid himself of the burden of his own uniqueness. The connections he makes between things are not the connections others make: "Sometimes he wondered whether or not other people went about pretending to be logical while actually they felt as he did inside, but this was not very often, since he usually took it for granted that everyone was more honest than he."

The rational intellect that sees itself without guile is seen here as belonging only to others. Andrew is left to deceit ("With the years he was becoming more expert at travesty . . .") or to silence.

"Going to Massachusetts," the most complete of the fragments, is a dialogue between two women, Janet and Sis, interrupted by a letter from a third, Bozoe. Like "Camp Cataract," Bowles's earlier and most brilliant story, this one explores the dependencies, the secrecies, the assertiveness, the needs of women among women. Here too are feminine wiles, spun webs. At the same time, a new sense of directness is achieved in this story, particularly in the letter from Bozoe. But directness and artifice are held in controlled tension only so long. The letter from Bozoe, the urgent plea that goes unanswered, fades into silence.

"Curls and a Quiet Country Face," the final story fragment, begins in image and ends in a controlled outcry that is direct autobiographical statement. Bowles writes of the impasse she faces, of her own life in Tangiers, of being driven to write, of not writing. But that moment of directness leads her back into life as a retreat from writing.

Six letters, to her husband and friends, conclude this collection. The letter from 1949 shows Bowles as a warm, humorous, playful woman, delighting in the daily things in Morocco. But the progression of the letters is to the awareness of time passing, to the sense of her unfulfilled need to work, of the gathering silence. In the last letter to her friend Libby Holman, after she has had a stroke, Bowles faces the silence directly. Even now, she says, she cannot tell which part of the silence comes from the stroke and which from the "writer's block."

The worn opposition between wiles and honesty, between artifice and directness that Bowles experienced was not a single dilemma. For better or worse it was her dilemma as woman and artist. We have come to see wiles in women as she saw them, a kind of cajoling based upon need, an aspect of begging both crafty and pitiful, something to be disavowed. But as to the wiles, the guile, of a writer we have no certain sense. That opposition between artifice and directness continues to be a central dilemma in much of modern fiction.

A small collection, 85 pages in all—a series of fragments. A small collection, but if it serves to send readers back to *Two Serious Ladies*, it is enough. In that single novel, which Alan Sillitoe has called "a landmark in Twentieth Century American literature," craft is itself honesty. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC / Nat Hentoff

By the time I came to New York in 1953, Minton's, a Harlem night club of modest appearance, had already peaked. It had been a decade or so earlier that the initial architects of modern jazz—Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke—had honed their heretical skills in that room known only to a small cadre of musicians and highly advanced laymen. Eventually, tales of those exhilarating nights had spread to jazz enclaves throughout the world. The time, for instance, when finally—after trying so fiercely for so long—young Dizzy actually trounced Roy Eldridge in one of those frequent tournaments ("cutting contests" they were called) which used to be endemic to the jazz life. (It was somewhat like Jimmy Connors besting Rod Laver—the ineluctable advance of the new generation.)

In the early 1950s, however, legends were no longer in stock at Minton's. Oh, there was a night, after hours, when visitors Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan rose from their tables and for more than an hour engaged in mighty vocal jousting—a startling display of extended, rhythmically and harmonically ingenious improvisation in which Sarah's daring, careening flights of wit at last flattened Ella. Most of the time though, the music at Minton's had become largely interchangeable with that of other jazz refuges around the city.

Except, that is, for the intermission pianist who also sang. Her name was Carmen McRae, and although she had worked with Benny Carter, Count Basie and Mercer Ellington, she was almost entirely unknown to the small general jazz public. Musicians kept coming to Minton's to hear her because she was a true jazz vocalist—a supple, subtle swinger with fresh and precise harmonic imagination. In all this, and especially in her phrasing, there was an uncommon intelligence. A musical intelligence that came, in part, from the pianistic knowledge which enabled her to be her own most stimulating accompanist. And just plain living intelligence, because Carmen, coming up hard, had learned to be swiftly discerning in order to accomplish more than survival.

Word continued to come downtown from Minton's about this woman who could stop time with a ballad and then, with one of her crackling swingers, make her listeners feel as if they had suddenly become part of a most select private party. Carmen McRae then began making recordings as well as working other cities and other countries; and while hers has never become the sort of name that is instantly familiar to readers of *TV Guide*, she has done quite well in terms of renown and its attendant rewards. But over the past decade, she has been doing less well musically.

On some nights, to be sure, she can still mesmerize an audience that did not come to be mesmerized, but rather to eat, drink and be noisy. But on other evenings, she turns into an act, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spontaneity of jazz having been subordinated to clocklike sure-fire effects. When the latter Carmen is on, her singing is cold. The craftsmanship is brilliant, but brittle.

In most of her recordings of the 1970s, moreover, there has been a straining—understandable for anyone without a private income or a lifelong foundation grant—to reach as large an audience as possible. For example, her newest set, *Can't Hide Love* (Blue Note), abounds in background clutter—large orchestras crunching through large amounts of manuscript paper, with a concertmaster (no less) engaged for most of the sessions. The singing is careful to the point of sometimes being stiffly self-conscious. It's making it—without kicks.

Suddenly, however, there is a newly released recording by the other Carmen McRae, the one who used to be at Minton's. Recorded at a Tokyo jazz club in 1973, *As Time Goes By/Carmen McRae Alone/Live at the Dug* (Catalyst/Springboard International) is indeed Carmen alone—just her singing and her piano accompaniment. The album reveals that she has not, as I thought, lost her power to transform all manner of popular songs into crystalline (if sometimes sardonic) jazz. And she has not forgotten how to surprise an audience into vulnerability with songs of not wanting to be alone.

When Carmen McRae sings as she does on this set, she exemplifies what she once said about her friend, Billie Holiday: "Singing is the only place she can express herself the way she'd like to be all the time." □

PHILADELPHIA BICENTENNIAL

Eugenia Kaledin

From now until October 10, visitors to Mayor Rizzo's City of Brotherly Love may enjoy the paradox of viewing one of the greatest displays of democratic art yet produced by Bicentennial fervor ("Three Centuries of American Art," Philadelphia Museum of Art). In a city shaped by Ben Franklin's common-sense love of technology and prosperity along with a Quaker heritage of aesthetic indifference, has grown a vigorous artistic tradition that almost seems to belie its own roots.

Yet the Quakers' concern for every man's intrinsic worthiness and the Franklin devotion to scientific precision have combined through the centuries of American life to produce an art which, if often limited by its literalness, is also satisfying in its intense humanity. If there are no ideas except in things, the idea that these things communicate is that art is varied and belongs to all men and women. The level of craftsmanship, whether in carousel animal or shoe buckle, in architectural prison-plan or painting perspective, becomes a means to display what people have been capable of achieving in a free society. The several pictures of Philadelphia's impressive City Hall need not remind us of what is now going on inside.

If the painters have been, for economic reasons, too often showmen like Peale and Peto and Harnett, or illustrators like Sloan and Demuth and Wyeth, they have nonetheless been able to forge their own styles out of necessity and produce art which satisfies many levels of critical intelligence. And if they have been misunderstood by the public, as Eakins surely was, they have not given up communicating the sense of human dignity implicit even in the most tragic visions. The weary Walt Whitman who surveys the exhibit from Eakins's photograph is different from the vigorous believer his friend painted in heartier days, but no less striking as a human being.

Eakins's paintings would always make a pilgrimage to Philadelphia worthwhile. In this show he is represented by: "The Portrait of Mrs. Frishmuth," "The Pair-Oared Shell" and "The Gross Clinic"—works of art that hold their own by anyone's standards. That "The Gross Clinic" (hung in the Army Hospital during the 1876 Centennial celebration because it was considered shocking) may be seen in a museum until October is worth noting. It usually has to be viewed at the Jefferson Medical College, just as "The Agnew Clinic," Eakins's other remarkable surgical painting, remains in the Medical School at the University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphians have made a deliberate tradition of scattering art so that it might touch the lives of people who do not visit museums. The variety of sculpture—not just the Calder family's—that visitors may discover in local parks surprises many people. Along with crafts and fine arts, the organizers of the museum's show have taken care to include architectural plans and photo-

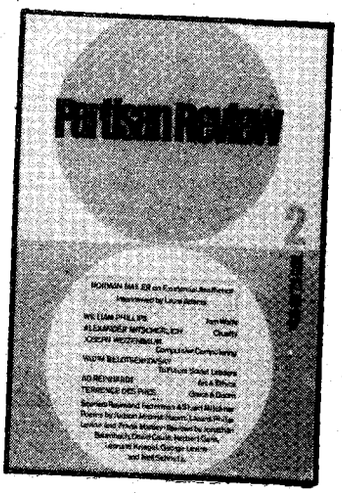
Eugenia Kaledin, who teaches at Northeastern University in Boston, Mass., is a doctoral candidate in American Studies at Boston University.

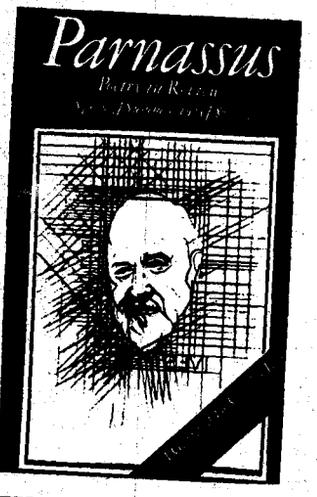
THE BREAM

Breaking the living
film with my hand,
I touch the fish
no one has touched
or seen where he lived
nosing swiftly
through a forest
of reeds, at ease
on any dark level.
My cunning depends
on his intelligence,
on his own good need
changing in a silent
run the shape
of his mouth opening,
closing over
my fat cricket
impaled, still wriggling,
now swallowed whole.
Cutting the last
surface, he has come
beyond his knowing,
swinging too free
in what he cannot
swim through, the panic
of air, desperately
believing the barbed
fin rising
is made solely
for my hand.
The insistence of his long
bone, his full
strength focused,
is almost enough.
His back is as wide
as the reach of my hand.
For the sake of his mouth
I push the hook
back in his narrow
throat. He is shining
iridescent, blue.
His thin, red
gill breathes
the impossible air.
His round, perfect
eye sees
me a shadow
in an old dream
of pure light.

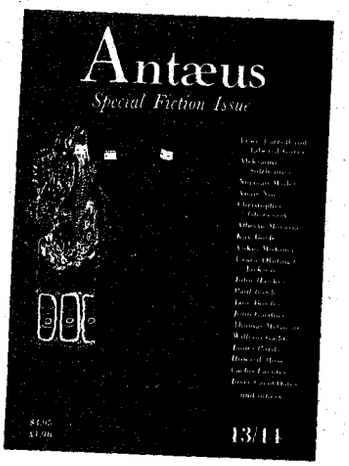
Idris McElveen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

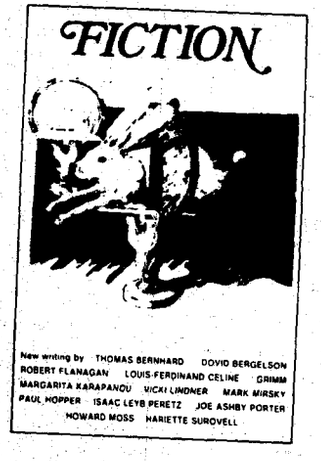




6 magazines in search of a reader



In these six leading literary magazines you'll find the finest in fiction, poems, interviews, art and reviews. These are magazines which will become a part of your library. **One address, one price** of $34 (over 40% savings off newsstand prices) will give you all these magazines for an entire year.


FICTION
New writing by THOMAS BERNHARD DOVID BERGELSON
ROBERT FLANAGAN LOUIS-FERDINAND CELINE GRIMM
MARGARITA KARAPANOU VICKI LINDNER MARK MIRSKY
PAUL MOPPER ISAAC LEYB PERETZ JOE ASHBY PORTER
HOWARD MOSS HARIETTE SUROVELL

Over 40% savings! Beat inflation with an intelligent gift that lasts all year.

Please send me a year's subscription to all six magazines for $34.00
I enclose my check for $ _____ payable to
MAGAZINE ● 1 West 30th Street ● New York, N.Y. 10001

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip .....

Please send **gift** subscription to:
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graphs, emphasizing the long-standing local concern for visual experiences outside art galleries.

If any complaint must be made, it is that there is too much to see. But how could it be otherwise? Who could leave out the elegant furniture makers of the 18th century, or the sophisticated silversmiths of the 20th? Who would want to ignore the contributions of the black artists Henry Tanner, Dox Thrash and Horace Pippin? Or of women as different as Cecilia Beaux, Mary Cassatt and Barbara Blondeau? Who would leave out the beautiful specimen of printing type, or the pictures of "Mrs. Smith's Boarding House"; or the Pinto W.P.A. print that captures the ambivalent beauty of industry?

And who could forget William Glackens's impressionistic landscape, "La Villette"? To overlook the intricate ironwork of the Polish immigrant Samuel Yellin, or the perfect patchwork quilt of the 69-year-old Quaker Rebecca Savery, would be to make us all poorer. And if Charles Sheeler's paintings seem too embedded in material reality for the most modern tastes, we can turn to Frank Furness or Louis Kahn to find a more poetic vision of human potential in architecture. Many other artists and artisans, all influenced by Philadelphia, some as distinguished as the ones already mentioned, may also be seen in this exhibit.

For 100 years longer than our political existence, the artist mind has drawn vitality from the variety and freedom of life in Philadelphia to produce a democratic art worth taking seriously. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

Producer Norman Lear's daily half-hour series, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, is at present on vacation. Meanwhile, selected episodes from its first season are being rerun until September, when Mary's frayed future will resume its unraveling.

One persuasive argument in favor of having a look now at a serial which everyone has written about, is that Lear was unable to sell his unprecedentedly open soap-comedy combination of genres to the networks, considering himself lucky to peddle it to independent stations at a loss. To the presumable chagrin of the bigwigs, his hybrid caught on with the mass audience they try so hard to fathom, and will make both him and the independent stations a lot of money this coming year.

I accuse Lear of being a closet scholar. Like most creators with the broad touch necessary for quality-*cum*-success, he seems sure enough of his own originality not to hesitate to steal from past masters. His earlier shows, still running, reflect this. *The Jeffersons*'s black bourgeois dry cleaner, marvelously played by Sherman Hemsley, is "movin' on up" so nearly in the footsteps of Molière's Monsieur Jourdain, that it is hard to believe that Lear has not been rereading the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Furthermore, both Jefferson and his white counterpart, Archie Bunker, of Lear's *All in the Family*, are typically Molièresque central figures: authoritarian male family heads, narrow-minded and covertly decentish in their willful ignorance.

Like the comedies of the rival MTM Productions, each of these shows is classical in that the laughter results from discrepant human engagements with an implicit moral norm, which norm is (usually too blandly) re-established by the end of each episode after a (usually too even-handed) degree of social criticism and topical commentary along the way.

But *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is different. It is not classical. It is dark and it is grim, even though millions of people watch and laugh. There is no norm, and Lear avoids restorative climaxes simply by seeing to it that there are no climaxes at all. Instead of a discrete half-hour unit per week of continuing characters but new episodes, he's running a relentless narrative that is always promising resolutions and conclusions that absolutely never arrive. As a compound of the situation comedy and soap-opera genres, with their respective modes of sensibility, *Mary Hartman* becomes a genre unto itself, which—like the novel at its beginnings—permits fresh art to exercise itself where it could not do so within an older rigidified convention. Thus, good as some of the other sitcoms are, they are becoming as formal as the sonnet, with only fine ensemble acting to permit them life.

To illustrate what I mean about there being no norm, only a dreadful abyss: the recent season's concluding episode left Mary on the edge of her daily nervous breakdown, this time in New York where, selected as America's Typical Consumer Housewife, she is about to go on the *David Susskind Show*. ("But I'm separated from my husband and my daughter hates me." "That's great. According to our statistics that puts you right in line for the title.") Mary wanders into F.A.O. Schwartz and asks the price of a big doll's house there on display. When told it's not for sale she insists hysterically that she must have it, with each little doll, every chair, table, plate, knife, fork perfectly in its proper place. She desperately craves a norm. But it is not a norm, this doll's house interior; it cannot be had. The point is that Mary is insane to keep on insisting it can be had, when it's only a display item in the greatest toy store in the world.

Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman is recognizable as a Norman Lear production in that it too displays plenty of

Betcha you'd like it

If someone gave you a gift subscription to The Nation. How about vice versa? It makes an ideal gift for:

Birthdays

Bookworms

Students

21 ISSUES FOR $7.50

To:

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

From:

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

NATION

333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creative "stealing." I repeat my closet scholar accusation, with further specifications: Lear has read Flaubert on received ideas, heard Chekhov's characters talk self-absorbedly past one another in comic-tragic scenes depicting the fatal erosion of a society too removed from the most ordinary truths, applied and even developed Marx's concept of alienation. He's had the nerve to exploit these systematically in a tough mass market not only because he has sensed that this may be where we are at but also because he believes that *we* have sensed that this may be where we are at: in no-norm's-land.

At this point, I know, I stand accused of projecting all sorts of pedantic claptrap onto poor Mary Hartman, already as beset as Richardson's Clarissa. Any sensible person will say to me: Look, what Lear and his writers have *really* been doing to make their daily deadlines is sit around desperately chewing gum and racking their brains for a new episode. Maybe so, but even if Lear doesn't consciously lay such heavy stuff onto an audience whose unconscious he risks a fortune trying to reach, the result is there for me to detect, if not as a bomb then as fallout. I believe he's a subversive, cagey fellow, fiercely determined to express the fine things which occur to a fine sensibility, and make much money at the same time.

He gets to say his fine things but he never insists; delighted if audiences are simply laughing and/or crying, he won't complain ungratefully, like Shaw, that he's not being taken seriously. For example, in an early episode an athletic coach with a very bad cold drowns on screen in a large bowl of chicken soup that good-neighbor Mary has brought over. As he lies across the table with his dead face in the soup, his wife hastens anxiously to assure Mary that she really mustn't feel badly; it's not her fault. I have no doubt that Lear wished to say something about how far from our emotions a massive diet of received ideas on how to behave can carry us, but he had a lot of people, in no way consciously concerned with such fine notions, laughing like hell in the bar in Kinderhook, N.Y., where I was watching.

TV people have begun to realize that there is a blue-collar class out there, 65 million strong, with frustrations, hidden injuries. Comparatively recent shows like *Movin' On*, though it is false and sentimental, and *Laverne and Shirley*, heavy with soothing nostalgia, attest to this awareness. But *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is the first and only working-class soap opera to come to grips with blue-collar frustrations and despairs.

Mary (Louise Lasser) lives in Fernwood, where her husband Tom (Greg Mullavey) screws dome lights on an automobile assembly line but is impotent with his wife, though he manages to pick up syphilis elsewhere. Who would admit, before Norman Lear came along, that working-class stiffs in windbreakers might actually be impotent? Tom naively (had he been watching a TV series?) stands up against union corruption and management abuse, without realizing that union and management are in cahoots. He loses his job.

When Mary's grandfather, the Fernwood Flash, is arrested for indecent exposure, she meets cop Dennis Foley, a Don Juan who becomes engaged to Mary's sister in order to get a closer shot at seducing Mary—all in the name of overflowing love and with the blessing of Mary's dim mother. Again, Lear in Shakespearean fashion manages to be all things to all men; while I think I know that Dennis Foley is a Tartuffian monster, the June issue of *Soap Opera Digest* has an earnest profile on him as TV's Newest Heartthrob.

Incidentally, there is no show which so insightfully and deliberately depicts TV itself as an important part of the lives of people. During a mass murder right down the block, showing live on TV, Mary frets over the "waxy yellow build-up" on her kitchen floor, unable to distinguish between the news and the commercials. Such off-the-point reactions are a staple feature of the show, akin to Lear's Chekhovian dialogue, and Marxist in their underlying sense of the anatomy of alienation possible in a large-scale capitalist society.

Foley the cop is at last about to make Mary when he falls to the floor with a heart attack. He subsequently manages to get her into his hospital bed and there they copulate. Mary has told herself that exercise is important for sick people—a Flaubertian received idea, consumed willy-nilly but not digested by America's Consumer Housewife, soon to be rewarded with a trip to New York and an appearance on the Susskind show. Such ideas have a more compelling place in Mary's brutally one-dimensional existence than either desire or fidelity, kindness or venality. Yet—and this is the sweet and terrible pathos of Lear—we know that, steamrollered as she is, Mary has plenty of frantic desire, fidelity, kindness, venality.

Lear's Marxism has to do with the notion of man's alienation through certain kinds of work. Tom, screwing in the dome lights for which he can have no feeling, is unable to touch his wife, for whom he has a kind of drowned but real feeling. Lear sees virtually everything in our culture—even and especially that which is most intrinsically valuable—being ground up into a commodity to be packaged and sold, regardless of need or real appetite, and he is busy depicting the manifold extensions of this fact. The goods must be moved off the shelf, and no matter whether or how they are absorbed. The cups of instant coffee are gobbled up by people who may at bottom legitimately desire to sleep, not stay awake. The people who do not love nor wish to love buy paperbacks on how to love and study them hard. The chicken soup is slurped up by men who have been told it is good for them; the fact that they may be drowning in the stuff is incidental to the system, since they are incidental.

These monster manufacturers are constantly rising up in Lear's show. But his best general insight is that, more damaging than the possibly useful and quite efficient household appliances, waxes, polishes and foodstuffs, are the ideas, originally of value, but now ground up, packaged, purveyed, swallowed and scarcely digested. We are the most sophisticated people in the world, even those of us who live in Fernwood, yet we know nothing; we are intolerably burdened with ideas, a most heavy baggage, without even a rudimentary sense of their use. See *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* on group therapy, for example, or on telephone help lines for people in despair. The therapy groups are the opposite of community; the help lines come down heavily on people's heads. These defenseless people suffer more at the hands of the group therapists than at the hands of those who drove them there; a girl's "lover" hates her more than does her rival; the policeman may actually be more dangerous than the mass murderer who keeps him in business by killing a goat and two chickens; the religious guru (aged 8) leaves his suppliant with the spirit squeezed right out of her.

For the genial Lear it's no joke. He likes his characters. He hates what has happened to them and in an ironic way this forces him to end up with distaste for the characters he likes. It is a bitter, bitter business—so much so that I will no longer watch *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. □

VACATION NOW

ESCAPE to this lovely 200-acre "Hide-away." A "Shangri-la" setting in a friendly, informal atmosphere. Season's Sports, Superb Jewish-American Food. Deluxe accomd . . . everything to help you "get away from it all."

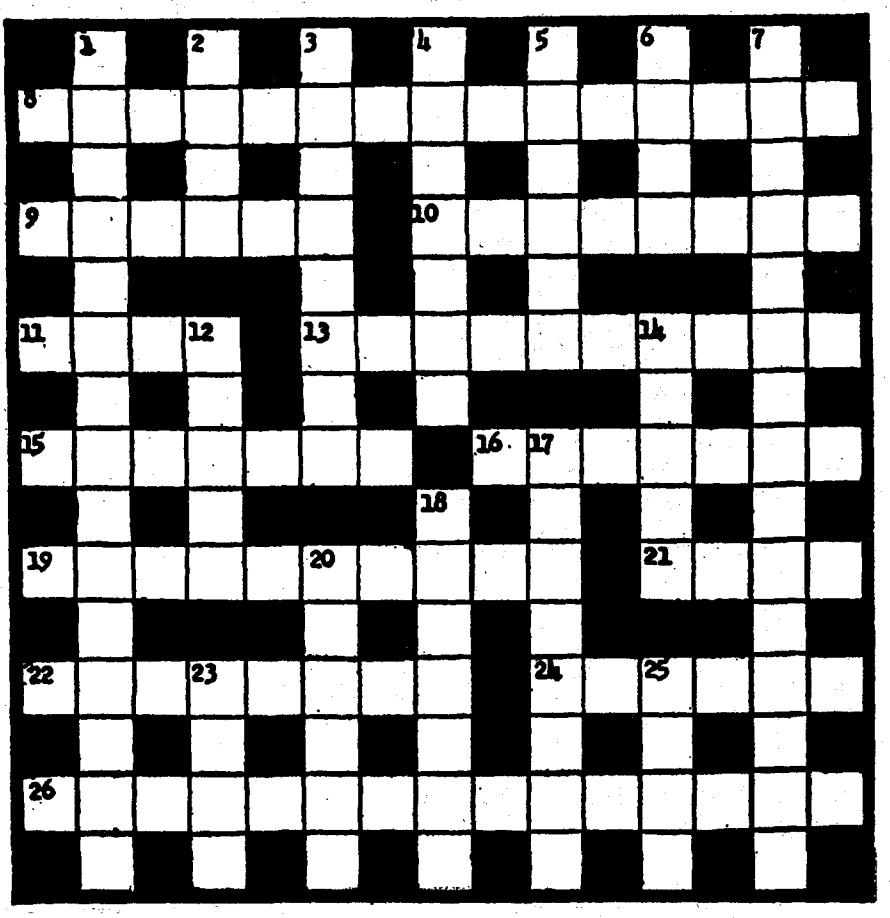
VINEYARD LODGE **IDEAL ADULT RESORT**
Free Booklet

Ulster Park 7, N. Y. 12487 **(914) 338-1240**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1643

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

8 If you have trouble sorting out your children, you might throw up a smoke-screen. (7,3,5)
9 The cost of a serious attack? (6)
10 Retrogressive painting and poetry get across thus. (8)
11 Anti-prohibitionists bring back something for the pot. (4)
13 Ducks out of the way, if I undress at the cause of it. (5,5)
15 Calumniate one with a certain amount of venom to the dialect. (7)
16 Tapestry—a spritely one around the English capital. (7)
19 How one might go after work, if the elevator is running, when rather hard up. (4,3,3)
21 Perhaps the last thing you would do before taking another drive. (4)
22 Declared a dessert, when properly prepared. (8)
24 An early patriot to hold in some respect. (6)
26 Those who eschew marijuana probably do, as the sign might say. (4,3,3,5)

DOWN

1 Deep controversial figure. (4,4,7)
2 Such a better thing Carton did—from a distance. (4)
3 Superlatively good with a request for assistance about fire prevention material. (8)
4 To do needlework in certain circumstances shows how big you are. (7)
5 Possibly scared of what might have come from Lebanon. (6)
6 I will, by the sound of it, land in water. (4)
7 The avocation of a fresh-air enthusiast. (7,8)
12 Rigid back? (5)
14 Popularly expensive brew. (5)
17 Where one might expect to find concentric rings hitting. (2,6)
18 Part of the record it establishes is explosive. (7)
20 Not if you tell people at first! (6)
23 See the direction followed by an undercover man! (4)
25 Every ending is truly genuine. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1642

ACROSS: 1 Passing fancy; 9 Fresh-water; 10 Lips; 11 Shoetree; 12 Hold it; 13 Motet; 15 Straggle; 16 Discount; 19 Yacht; 21 Action; 22 Populous; 24 Blue; 25 Recordings; 26 Achilles heel. DOWN: 2 Abraham Lincoln; 3 Suspect; 4 Newer; 5 Fathers; 6 Northerly; 7 Yule log; 8 Uphill struggle; 14 True north; 17 Chimera; 18 Topical; 20 Coltish; 23 Parse.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

classified

$1.48 per line/ 3-line minimum/ 6 words per line/ Payment in full must accompany all orders for less than three consecutive insertions. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: $14.84 per inch/ one inch minimum. Send to: Advertising Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014. Phone: 242-8400.

HELP WANTED

WRITER WANTED for 1.7 million-circulation magazine of United Auto Workers Union in Detroit. Applicants should have reporting, editing, layout —experience, plus commitment to trade unionism. Send resume to Marge O'Neal, UAW, 8000 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48214. (No phone calls).

WANTED ADVERTISING saleswoman or man based in Chicago, San Francisco, L.A., Boston, or Texas to sell for progressive weekly on liberal commission basis. Book publishers are a prime market. Some experience essential. Send informal resume to M. Fleer, Box G2, The Nation.

PERSONALS

NEW YORKERS—If you want a real alternative in November, help put our presidential and vice-presidential candidates, Frank Zeidler and Quinn Brisben on the ballot. Write: Socialist Party U.S.A.—the party of Gene Debs and Norman Thomas, 111 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204.

TURKEY: The unrepentant perpetrator of the First Genocide of the 20th century. **M.D.B. (A survivor).**

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS—the national dating service for the intelligentsia of all ages. **Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.**

SENIOR CITIZENS' INTERCITY CLUB now forming for Friendships, Meetings, Travel. Free membership. Call Mrs. Zolath, Secretary, (Philadelphia) 1-215-336-6572.

PUBLICATIONS

'TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design' available for one dollar from Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial subscription, $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011. (Full year $12.50.)

SERVICES

STET TYPING SERVICE. Professional typing, editing, re-writing. Free pick-up and delivery. (212) 989-3717.

PRINTING—cards, stationery, circulars, etc. Quality work. Bob's Print Shop, 3041 Moreland Ave., Baltimore, MD. 21234.

LEGALIZE ABORTION throughout Eurasia, the densely populated landmass. Box 697, c/o The Nation.

OFFERINGS

BUTTONS—ZEIDLER for President. Limited edition collectors' item. $1, or 10 for $8. Zeidler-Brisben Campaign Committee, Box 1662, Milwaukee, Wi. 53201.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

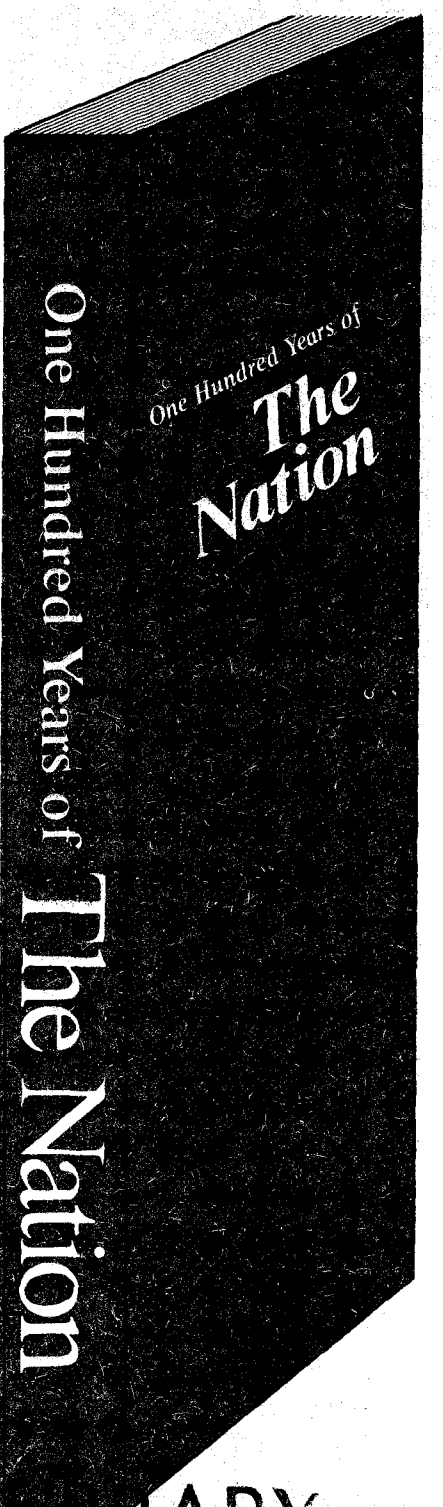
This unusual book is yours free . . .

378 pages of articles and poetry by outstanding writers and thinkers just as they appeared in **The Nation**, *America's oldest weekly. It's yours free when you give a gift subscription or take one for yourself.*

Did you know Leon Trotsky

had a by-line in **The Nation**? *And so did the authors listed below. The book contains works by 75 famous contributors to* **The Nation**. *Subscribe today and each week enjoy the constantly growing list of provocative and venturesome writers, reviewers, and social analysts.*

by William Butler Yeats
by John Dos Passos
by Henry James
by Sinclair Lewis
by Sherwood Anderson
by Andre Malraux
by Thomas Mann
by Edmund Wilson
by Robert Frost
by Chaim Weizmann



Please enter a subscription to **The Nation** as checked below for:
☐ 1 year (47 issues) $17.50 ☐ 2 years (94 issues) $30.00
Payment must accompany order for free book offer.

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

Send free anthology, *One Hundred Years of The Nation*, to: ☐ above ☐ below
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014 3-26-76

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED